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The Music Lovers' Treasury

Edited by

Helen Philbrook Patten

Author of "The Year's Festivals"

Boston Dana Estes & Company Publishers

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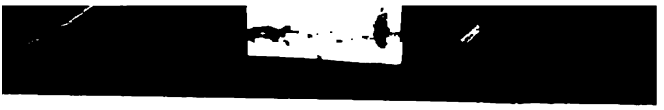

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Where music dwells
Lingering, and wandering on, as loth to die
Like thoughts whose very sweetness yieldeth
proof
That they were born for immortality.

Wordsworth.

THE

MUSIC LOVERS' TREASURY

SYMPHONY

Not to the realm of breathèd sounds alone
  Belong all instruments of melody:
  No less than Music's self hath Poesy
Her instruments, perchance of finer tone.
She hath her sonnet-trumpet for her own,
  Her viols and her pipes of balladry,
  And silver flutes for love's sweet ministry
In many a tender lyric softly blown.
List, how in clearest harmony they sound, —
  Cymbals and drums beating in battle-song,
    Harp-strains of holy psalmody, up-stealing;
And, heard through all, with mighty voice profound

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Outpoured, a wave of sound sustained and strong,
The solemn epic's thunderous organ-pealing!

Robertson Trowbridge.

MUSIC AND POETRY

I

Sing, poets, as ye list, of fields, of flowers,
Of changing seasons with their brilliant round
Of keen delights, or themes still more profound —
Where soul through sense transmutes this world of ours.
There is a life intense beyond your powers
Of utterance, which the ear alone has found
In the aerial fields of rhythmic sound —
The inviolate pathways and air-woven bowers
Built by entwining melodies and chords.
Ah, could I find some correspondent sign
Matching such wondrous art with fitting words!
But vain the task. Within his hallowed shrine
Apollo veils his face. No muse records
In human speech such mysteries divine.

II

Yet words though weak are all that poets own
Wherewith their muse translates that kindred muse
Of Harmony, whose subtle forms and hues
Float in the unlanguaged poesy of Tone.
And so no true-souled artist stands alone;
But all are brothers, though one hand may use
A magic wand the others must refuse,
And painters need no sculptor's Parian stone.
If Art is long, yet is her province wide.
While all for truth and beauty live and dare,
One sacred temple covers all her sons.
Music and Poesy stand side by side.
Through every member one blood-current runs:
One aim, one work, one destiny they share.

Christopher P. Cranch.

FROM "THE PASSIONATE PILGRIM"

If music and sweet poetry agree,
As they must needs, the sister and the brother,
Then must the love be great 'twixt thee and me,

Because thou lov'st the one, and I the other.
Dowland to thee is dear, whose heavenly touch
Upon the lute doth ravish human sense;
Spenser to me, whose deep conceit is such,
As passing all conceit, needs no defence.
Thou lov'st to hear the sweet melodious sound
That Phœbus' lute, the queen of music, makes;
And I in deep delight am chiefly drown'd,
Whenas himself to singing he betakes.
One god is god of both, as poets feign;
One knight loves both, and both in thee remain.

William Shakespeare.

MUSIC

I see small difference
'Twixt one sound and its next. All seems akin
And run on the same feet, ever.
Peace! Thou want'st
One heavenly sense, and speak'st in ignorance.
Seest thou no differing shadows which divide
The rose and poppy? 'Tis the same with sounds.
There's not a minute in the round of time

But's hinged with different music. In that small space
Between the thought and its swift utterance —
Ere silence buds to sound — the angels, listening,
Hear infinite varieties of song!
And they who turn the lightning-rapid spheres
Have flown an evening's journey.

Bryan W. Procter ("Barry Cornwall").

SEA AND SHORE[1]

Music, I yield to thee;
As swimmer to the sea
I give my spirit to the flood of song:
Bear me upon thy breast
In rapture and at rest,
Bathe me in pure delight and make me strong;
From strife and struggle bring release,
And draw the waves of passion into tides of peace.

Remember'd songs, most dear,
In living songs I hear,

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Angel with Lute

From Painting by Melozzo da Forli

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Angel with Lute

From painting by Melozzo da Forli

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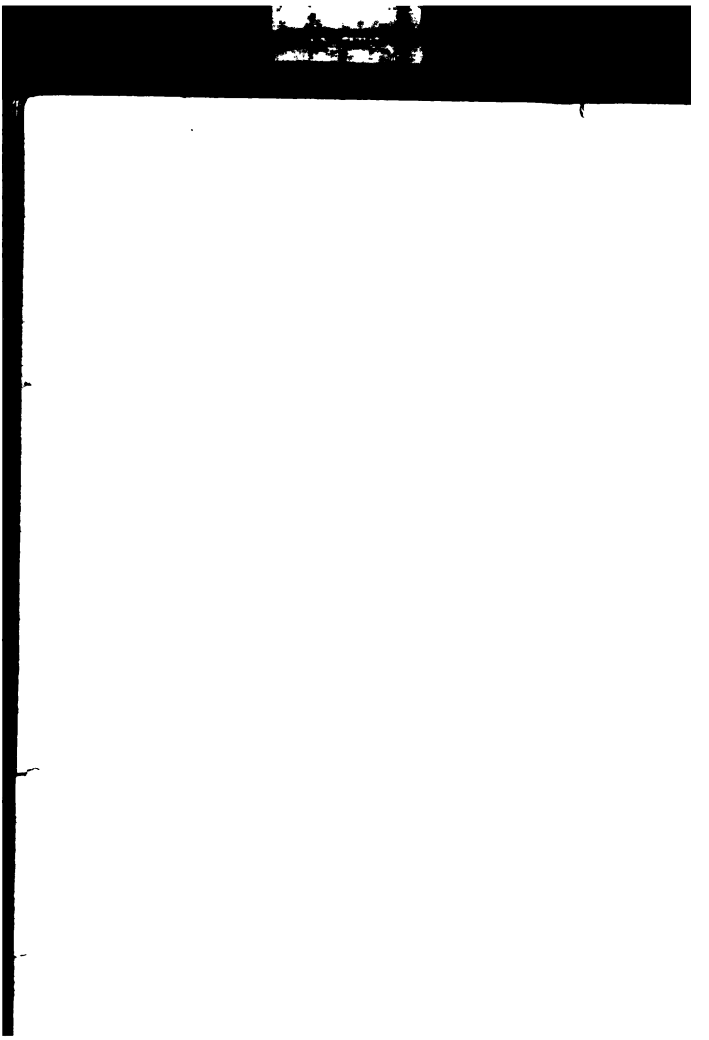


A SONG TO THE LUTE IN MUSICKE

Where gripinge grefes the hart would wounde,
  And dolefulle dumps the mynde oppresse,
There musicke with her silver-sound
  With spede is wont to send redresse:
Of trobled mynds, in every sore,
Swete musick hath a salve in store.

In joy yt maks our mirthe abounde,
  In woe yt cheres our hevy sprites;
Be-strawghted heads relyef hath founde,
  By musickes pleasant swete delights;
Our senses all, what shall I say more?
Are subjecte unto musick's lore.

The Gods by musicke have theire prayse;
  The lyfe, the soul therein doth joye;
For, as the Romayne poet sayes,
  In seas, whom pyrats would destroy,
A dolphin saved from death most sharpe
Arion playing on his harpe.

O heavenly gyfte, that rules the mynd,
  Even as the sterne doth rule the shippe!
O musicke, whom the Gods assinde

To comforte manne, whom cares would nippe!
Since thow both man and beste doest move,
What beste ys he, wyll the disprove?
Ascribed to Richard Edwards, 1596.

SONG FOR SAINT CECILIA'S DAY

From harmony, from heavenly harmony
This universal frame began:
When Nature underneath a heap
Of jarring atoms lay,
And could not heave her head,
The tuneful voice was heard from high,
Arise, ye more than dead!
Then cold, and hot, and moist, and dry
In order to their stations leap,
And Music's power obey.
From harmony, from heavenly harmony
This universal frame began:
From harmony to harmony
Through all the compass of the notes it ran,
The diapason closing full in Man.

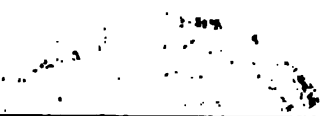
What passion cannot Music raise and quell?
When Jubal struck the chorded shell
His listening brethren stood around,

And, wondering, on their faces fell
To worship that celestial sound.
Less than a God they thought there could not dwell
Within the hollow of that shell
That spoke so sweetly and so well.
What passion cannot Music raise and quell?

The trumpet's loud clangor
Excites us to arms,
With shrill notes of anger
And mortal alarms.
The double double double beat
Of the thundering drum
Cries "Hark! the foes come;
Charge, charge, 'tis too late to retreat!"

The soft complaining flute
In dying notes discovers
The woes of hopeless lovers,
Whose dirge is whisper'd by the warbling lute.

Sharp violins proclaim
Their jealous pangs and desperation,
Fury, frantic indignation,
Depth of pains, and height of passion
For the fair disdainful dame.



St. Cecilia (Louvre)

From Painting by Pierre Mignard

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SONNET VIII.

Music to hear, why hear'st thou music sadly?
Sweets with sweets war not, joy delights in joy.
Why lov'st thou that which thou receiv'st not gladly?
Or else receiv'st with pleasure thine annoy?
If the true concord of well-tunèd sounds,
By unions married, do offend thine ear,
They do but sweetly chide thee, who confounds
In singleness the parts that thou shouldst bear.
Mark how one string, sweet husband to another,
Strikes each in each by mutual ordering;
Resembling sire and child and happy mother,
Who, all in one, one pleasing note do sing:
Whose speechless song, being many, seeming one,
Sings this to thee, "Thou single wilt prove none."

William Shakespeare.

FROM "A SONG FOR OCCUPATIONS"

All music is what awakes from you when you
are reminded by the instruments,
It is not the violins and the cornets, it is not the
oboe nor the beating drums, nor the score
of the baritone singer singing his sweet
romanza, nor that of the men's chorus,
nor that of the woman's chorus,
It is nearer and farther than they.

Walt Whitman.

AT A SOLEMN MUSIC

Blest pair of Sirens, pledges of Heav'n's joy,
Sphere-born harmonious sisters, Voice and
Verse,
Wed your divine sounds; and mixt power
employ
Dead things with inbreath'd sense able to
pierce;
And to our high-rais'd phantasy present
That undisturbèd song of pure concent,
Aye sung before the sapphire-color'd throne

To Him that sits thereon,
With saintly shout, and solemn jubilee;
Where the bright seraphim in burning row
Their loud uplifted angel-trumpets blow,
And the cherubic host in thousand quires
Touch their immortal harps of golden wires,
With those just spirits that wear victorious palms,
Hymns devout and holy psalms
Singing everlastingly:
That we on Earth with undiscording voice
May rightly answer that melodious noise;
As once we did, till disproportion'd sin
Jarr'd against nature's chime, and with harsh din
Broke the fair music that all creatures made
To their great Lord; whose love their motion sway'd
In perfect diapason, whilst they stood
In first obedience, and their state of good.
O may we soon again renew that song,
And keep in tune with Heav'n, till God ere long
To His celestial consort us unite,
To live with Him, and sing in endless morn of light!

John Milton.

TO MUSIC, TO BECALM HIS FEVER

Charm me asleep, and melt me so,
With thy delicious numbers,
That being ravisht, hence I goe
Away in easie slumbers.
Ease my sick head,
And make my bed,
Thou Power that canst sever
From me this ill,
And quickly still,
Though thou not kill,
My fever.

Thou sweetly canst convert the same
From a consuming fire,
Into a gentle-licking flame
And make it thus expire.
Then make me weep
My paines asleep,
And give me such reposes,
That I, poor I,
May think thereby
I live and die
'Mongst roses.

Fall on me like a silent dew,
Or like those maiden show'rs,
Which, by the peepe of day, doe strew
A baptisme o'er the flowers.
Melt, melt my paines,
With thy soft straines,
That having ease me given,
With full delight,
I leave this light,
And take my flight
For heaven.

Robert Herrick.

O MUSIC! SPHERE-DESCENDED MAID

(From "The Passions")

O Music! sphere-descended maid,
Friend of Pleasure, Wisdom's aid!
Why, goddess, why, to us denied,
Layst thou thy ancient lyre aside?
As in that loved Athenian bower
You learn'd an all-commanding power,
Thy mimic soul, O nymph endear'd!
Can well recall what then it heard.

Where is thy native simple heart,
Devote to Virtue, Fancy, Art?
Arise, as in that elder time,
Warm, energetic, chaste, sublime!
Thy wonders, in that godlike age,
Fill thy recording Sister's page;—
'Tis said, and I believe the tale,
Thy humblest reed could more prevail,
Had more of strength, diviner rage,
Than all which charms this laggard age,
Ev'n all at once together found
Cecilia's mingled world of sound:—
O bid our vain endeavors cease:
Revive the just designs of Greece:
Return in all thy simple state!
Confirm the tales her sons relate!

William Collins.

ALEXANDER'S FEAST; OR, THE POWER OF MUSIC

'Twas at the royal feast, for Persia won
By Philip's warlike son!
Aloft in awful state
The godlike hero sate
On his imperial throne:

His valiant peers were plac'd around;
Their brows with roses and with myrtles bound
(So should desert in arms be crown'd);
The lovely Thais, by his side,
Sate like a blooming Eastern bride
In flower of youth and beauty's pride:—
Happy, happy, happy pair!
None but the brave,
None but the brave,
None but the brave deserves the fair!

Timotheus, placed on high
Amid the tuneful quire,
With flying fingers touch'd the lyre:
The trembling notes ascend the sky,
And heavenly joys inspire.
The song began from Jove
Who left his blissful seats above—
Such is the power of mighty love!
A dragon's fiery form belied the god;
Sublime on radiant spires he rode,
When he to fair Olympia prest,
And while he sought her snowy breast;
Then, round her slender waist he curl'd,
And stamp'd an image of himself, a sovereign of the world.

— The listening crowd admire the lofty sound!
A present deity! they shout around:
A present deity! the vaulted roofs rebound!
With ravish'd ears
The monarch hears,
Assumes the god,
Affects to nod,
And seems to shake the spheres.

The praise of Bacchus then the sweet musician sung:
Of Bacchus ever fair and ever young:
The jolly god in triumph comes!
Sound the trumpets, beat the drums!
Flush'd with a purple grace
He shows his honest face:
Now give the hautboys breath, he comes, he comes!
Bacchus, ever fair and young,
Drinking joys did first ordain;
Bacchus' blessings are a treasure,
Drinking is the soldier's pleasure:
Rich the treasure,
Sweet the pleasure,
Sweet is pleasure after pain.

Sooth'd with the sound, the king grew vain;
Fought all his battles o'er again,
And thrice he routed all his foes, and thrice
he slew the slain!
The master saw the madness rise,
His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes;
And while he Heaven and Earth defied
Chang'd his hand, and check'd his pride.
He chose a mournful Muse
Soft pity to infuse:
He sung Darius great and good,
By too severe a fate,
Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen,
Fallen from his high estate,
And welt'ring in his blood;
Deserted, at his utmost need,
By those his former bounty fed;
On the bare earth expos'd he lies,
With not a friend to close his eyes.
— With downcast looks the joyless victor sate,
Revolving in his alter'd soul
The various turns of Chance below;
And, now and then, a sigh he stole,
And tears began to flow.

The mighty master smiled to see
That love was in the next degree;

'Twas but a kindred sound to move,
For pity melts the mind to love.
Softly sweet in Lydian measures
Soon he sooth'd his soul to pleasures.
War, he sung, is toil and trouble,
Honor, but an empty bubble,
Never ending, still beginning;
Fighting still, and still destroying;
If the world be worth thy winning,
Think, O think it worth enjoying:
Lovely Thais sits beside thee,
Take the good the gods provide thee!
— The many rend the skies with loud applause;
So Love was crown'd, but Music won the cause.
The prince, unable to conceal his pain,
Gazed on the fair
Who caus'd his care,
And sigh'd and look'd, sigh'd and look'd,
Sigh'd and look'd, and sigh'd again:
At length, with love and wine at once opprest,
The vanquish'd victor sunk upon her breast.

Now strike the golden lyre again:
A louder yet, and yet a louder strain!

Break his bands of sleep asunder
And rouse him, like a rattling peal of thunder.
Hark, hark! the horrid sound
Has rais'd up his head:
As awak'd from the dead,
And amaz'd, he stares around.

Revenge, revenge, Timotheus cries,
See the Furies arise!
See the snakes that they rear,
How they hiss in their hair,
And the sparkles that flash from their eyes!
Behold a ghastly band,
Each a torch in his hand!
Those are Grecian ghosts, that in battle were slain
And unburied remain
Inglorious on the plain:
Give the vengeance due
To the valiant crew!
Behold how they toss their torches on high,
How they point to the Persian abodes
And glittering temples of their hostile gods.
— The princes applaud with a furious joy:
And the King seiz'd a flambeau with zeal to destroy;

Thais led the way,
To light him to his prey,
And, like another Helen, fired another Troy!

— Thus, long ago,
Ere heaving bellows learn'd to blow,
While organs yet were mute,
Timotheus, to his breathing flute
And sounding lyre,
Could swell the soul to rage, or kindle soft desire.
At last divine Cecilia came,
Inventress of the vocal frame;
The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred store,
Enlarg'd the former narrow bounds,
And added length to solemn sounds,
With Nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown before.
— Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
Or both divide the crown;
He rais'd a mortal to the skies;
She drew an angel down!

John Dryden.

OUR LADY OF MUSIC

(Translated by Oscar Kuhns)

Of all the joys that are on earth
None can be found of greater worth
Than those that have their source in me,
Singing with sweetest melody.

There is no room for evil mood
Where friends are singing, true and good:
Far off recedes the keenest pain,
Nor envy, wrath, nor hate remain.
Care, avarice, — all that men most fear, —
Lo, all at once they disappear.

Each one may rest assured herein,
That joy in music is no sin, —
But unto God more pleasing far,
Than all joys else on earth that are.
It oft defeats the Devil's plan,
And keeps from violence many a man.
King David's story this truth doth prove,
Who Saul did many a time so move,

Playing upon his harp so sweet,
He kept from murderous ways his feet.
Still, and prepared, before the Lord
It makes the soul to hear His Word;
Thus once He touched Elisha's heart
In days of old through Music's art.

The year's best time belongs to me:
Then sing the birds their melody;
The earth and sky's alive with wings,
With ceaseless song the welkin rings;
And first the nightingale is there,
Making all joyous everywhere,
Singing aloud her lovely song,—
To her the thanks of all belong.

Yet much more thank we Thee, O Lord,
Who didst create her by Thy Word,
To be a singer right and true,
A leader of all musicians, too.
Through night and day she sings Thy praise,
Nor ever wearies her voice to raise;
Thee too my song shall glorify,
Whose praise shall last eternally.

Martin Luther.

Ave Maria

From Painting by C. Becker

New York Public Library
EPIPHANY BRANCH
328 EAST 23rd STREET
CIRCULATING DEPARTMENT

ODE FOR MUSIC ON ST. CECILIA'S DAY

Descend, ye Nine! descend and sing;
The breathing instruments inspire,
Wake into voice each silent string
And sweep the sounding lyre!

In a sadly pleasing strain
Let the warbling lute complain;
Let the loud trumpet sound,
Till the roofs all around
The shrill echoes rebound;
While in more lengthen'd notes and slow,
The deep, majestic, solemn organs blow.
Hark! the numbers soft and clear
Gently steal upon the ear;
Now louder and yet louder rise
And fill with spreading sounds the skies:
Exulting in triumph now swell the bold notes,
In broken air, trembling, the wild music floats:
Till, by degrees, remote and small,
The strains decay,
And melt away
In a dying, dying fall.

By Music, minds an equal temper know,
Nor swell too high, nor sink too low.
If in the breast tumultuous joys arise,
Music her soft assuasive voice applies:
Or when the soul is press'd with cares,
Exalts her in enliv'ning airs.
Warriors she fires with animated sounds;
Pours balm into the bleeding lover's wounds:
Melancholy lifts her head,
Morpheus rouses from his bed,
Sloth unfolds her arms and wakes,
Listening Envy drops her snakes;
Intestine war no more our passions wage,
And giddy factions bear away their rage.

But when our country's cause provokes to arms,
How martial music every bosom warms!
So when the first bold vessel dar'd the seas,
High on the stern the Thracian rais'd his strain,
While Argo saw her kindred trees
Descend from Pelion to the main:
Transported demigods stood round,
And men grew heroes at the sound,
Inflam'd with glory's charms:

Each chief his sevenfold shield display'd,
And half unsheathed the shining blade;
And seas, and rocks, and skies rebound,
To arms, to arms, to arms!

But when through all th' infernal bounds,
Which flaming Phlegethon surrounds,
Love, strong as death, the poet led
To the pale nations of the dead,
What sounds were heard,
What scenes appear'd,
O'er all the dreary coasts!
Dreadful gleams,
Dismal screams,
Fires that glow,
Shrieks of woe,
Sullen moans,
Hollow groans,
And cries of tortur'd ghosts!
But hark! he strikes the golden lyre:
And see! the tortured ghosts respire:
See, shady forms advance!
Thy stone, O Sisyphus, stands still,
Ixion rests upon his wheel,
And the pale spectres dance:

Orpheus and Eurydice

From Calvin, by Robt. Sprechia

328 EAST 23rd STREET
CIRCULATING DEPARTMENT.

The Furies sink upon their iron beds,
And snakes uncurl'd hang listening round
their heads.

By the streams that ever flow,
By the fragrant winds that blow
O'er th' Elysian flowers;
By those happy souls who dwell
In yellow meads of asphodel,
Or amaranthine bowers:
By the heroes' armèd shades,
Glittering through the gloomy glades;
By the youths that died for love,
Wandering in the myrtle grove,
Restore, restore Eurydice to life;
Oh, take the husband, or return the wife!

He sung, and hell consented
To hear the poet's prayer:
Stern Proserpine relented,
And gave him back the fair.
Thus song could prevail
O'er death and o'er hell,
A conquest how hard and how glorious!
Though fate had fast bound her,
With Styx nine times round her,
Yet music and love were victorious.

But soon, too soon, the lover turns his eyes
Again she falls, again she dies, she dies!
How wilt thou now the fatal sisters move?
No crime was thine, if 'tis no crime to love.
Now under hanging mountains,
Beside the fall of fountains,
Or where Hebrus wanders,
Rolling in Mæanders,
All alone,
Unheard, unknown,
He makes his moan;
And calls her ghost,
For ever, ever, ever lost!
Now with Furies surrounded,
Despairing, confounded,
He trembles, he glows,
Amidst Rhodope's snows:
See, wild as the winds, o'er the desert he flies;
Hark! Hæmus resounds with the Bacchanals cries —
Ah, see, he dies!
Yet ev'n in death Eurydice he sung,
Eurydice still trembled on his tongue;
Eurydice the woods,
Eurydice the floods,
Eurydice the rocks and hollow mountains rung.

Music the fiercest grief can charm,
And fate's severest rage disarm:
Music can soften pain to ease,
And make despair and madness please:
Our joys below it can improve,
And antedate the bliss above.
This the divine Cecilia found,
And to her Maker's praise confin'd the sound.
When the full organ joins the tuneful quire,
Th' immortal powers incline their ear;
Borne on the swelling notes our souls aspire,
While solemn airs improve the sacred fire,
And angels lean from heaven to hear.
Of Orpheus now no more let poets tell;
To bright Cecilia greater power is given:
His numbers rais'd a shade from hell,
Hers lift the soul to heaven.

Alexander Pope.

SUGGESTIONS OF MUSIC

(From "Prometheus Unbound")

My soul is an enchanted boat,
Which, like a sleeping swan, doth float
Upon the silver waves of thy sweet singing;

And thine doth like an angel sit
Beside a helm conducting it,
While all the winds with melody are ringing.
It seems to float ever, forever,
Upon that many-winding river,
Between mountains, woods, abysses,
A paradise of wildernesses!
Till, like one in slumber bound,
Borne to the ocean, I float down, around,
Into a sea profound, of ever-spreading sound.

Meanwhile, thy spirit lifts its pinions
In Music's most serene dominions;
Catching the winds that fan that happy heaven.
And we sail on, away, afar,
Without a course, without a star,
But by the instinct of sweet music driven;
Till through Elysian garden islets
By thee, most beautiful of pilots,
Where never mortal pinnace glided,
The boat of my desire is guided:
Realms where the air we breathe is love,
Which in the winds and on the waves doth move,
Harmonizing this earth with what we feel above.

We have passed Age's icy caves,
And Manhood's dark and tossing waves,
And Youth's smooth ocean, smiling to betray:
Beyond the glassy gulfs we flee
Of shadow-peopled Infancy,
Through Death and Birth, to a diviner day:
A paradise of vaulted bowers,
Lit by downward-gazing flowers,
And watery paths that wind between
Wildernesses calm and green,
Peopled by shapes too bright to see,
And rest, having beheld; somewhat like thee;
Which walk upon the sea, and chant melodiously.

Percy Bysshe Shelley.

INFLUENCE OF MUSIC

("King Henry VIII.")

Orpheus with his lute made trees,
And the mountain-tops that freeze,
Bow themselves when he did sing:
To his music, plants and flowers,
Ever sprung; as sun, and showers
There had made a lasting spring.

Everything that heard him play,
Even the billows of the sea,
Hung their heads, and then lay by —
In sweet music is such art:
Killing care, and grief of heart,
Fall asleep, or, hearing, die.

William Shakespeare.

TO MUSIC — A SONG

Musick, thou queen of heaven, care-charming spel,
That strik'st a stillnesse into hell;
Thou that tam'st tygers, and fierce storms that rise,
With thy soul-melting lullabies;
Fall down, down, down, from those thy chiming spheres,
To charme our soules, as thou enchant'st our ears.

Robert Herrick.

INWARD MUSIC

There are in this loud stunning tide
Of human care and crime,

With whom the melodies abide
  Of everlasting chime;
Who carry music in their heart
  Through dusky lane and wrangling mart,
Plying their daily toil with busier feet,
  Because their secret souls a holy strain repeat.

John Keble.

REMEMBERED MUSIC

Thick-rushing, like an ocean vast
  Of bisons the far prairie shaking,
The notes crowd heavily and fast
As surfs, one plunging while the last
  Draws seaward from its foamy breaking.

Or in low murmurs they began,
  Rising and rising momently,
As o'er a harp Æolian
A fitful breeze, until they ran
  Up to a sudden ecstasy.

And then, like minute-drops of rain
  Ringing in water silverly, —
They lingering, dropped and dropped again,

Till it was almost like a pain
To listen when the next would be.
James Russell Lowell.

MUSIC

("Merchant of Venice," Act. V., Scene I)

Lorenzo. How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!
Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music
Creep in our ears; soft stillness, and the night,
Become the touches of sweet harmony.
Sit, Jessica: Look, how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold;
There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-ey'd cherubins:
Such harmony is in immortal souls;
But, whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Dost grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.—

Enter Musicians.

Come, ho, and wake Diana with a hymn!
With sweetest touches pierce your mistress' ear,

And draw her home with music. (*Music.*)

Jessica. I am never merry when I hear sweet music.

Lor. The reason is, your spirits are attentive:

For do but note a wild and wanton herd,
Or race of youthful and unhandled colts,
Fetching mad bounds, bellowing and neighing loud,
Which is the hot condition of their blood;
If they but hear perchance a trumpet sound,
Or any air of music touch their ears,
You shall perceive them make a mutual stand,
Their savage eyes turn'd to a modest gaze,
By the sweet power of music: therefore, the poet
Did feign that Orpheus drew trees, stones, and floods;
Since nought so stockish, hard and full of rage,
But music for the time doth change his nature:
The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not mov'd with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treason, stratagems and spoils:
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,

In the Field

From Painting by L. Hodebert

328 EAST 23rd STREET
CIRCULATING DEPARTMENT.

And his affections dark as Erebus:
Let no such man be trusted. — Mark the music!

William Shakespeare.

CHORIC SONG

(From "The Lotos-Eaters")

There is sweet music here that softer falls
Than petals from blown roses on the grass,
Or night-dews on still waters between walls
Of shadowy granite, in a gleaming pass;
Music that gentlier on the spirit lies,
Than tir'd eyelids upon tir'd eyes;
Music that brings sweet sleep down from the blissful skies.
Here are cool mosses deep,
And thro' the moss the ivies creep,
And in the stream the long-leaved flowers weep,
And from the craggy ledge the poppy hangs in sleep.

Alfred Tennyson.

MUSIC

A Fragment

I pant for the music which is divine,
  My heart in its thirst is a dying flower;
Pour forth the sound like enchanted wine,
  Loosen the notes in a silver shower;
Like a herbless plain for the gentle rain,
I gasp, I faint, till they wake again.

Let me drink of the spirit of that sweet sound,
  More, O more! I am thirsting yet,
It loosens the serpent which care has bound
  Upon my heart, to stifle it;
The dissolving strain, through every vein,
Passes into my heart and brain.

As the scent of a violet withered up,
  Which grew by the brink of a silver lake,
When the hot noon has drained its dewy cup
  And mist there was none its thirst to slake, —
And the violet lay dead while the odor flew
On the wings of the wind o'er the waters blue, —

As one who drinks from a charmèd cup
Of foaming and sparkling and murmuri
wine,
Whom, a mighty enchantress filling up,
Invites to love with her kiss divine.

. . . . . .

Percy Bysshe Shelley

THE MONOCHORD

(Written during Music)

Is it the moved air or the moving sound
That is Life's self and draws my life fr
me,
And by instinct ineffable decree
Holds my breath quailing on the bitter bour
Nay, is it Life or Death, thus thunder-crowı
That 'mid the tide of all emergency
Now notes my separate wave, and to w
sea
Its difficult eddies labor in the ground?

O! what is this that knows the road I cam
The flame turned cloud, the cloud returned
flame,

The lifted shifted steeps and all the way? —
That draws round me at last this wind-warm
space,
And in regenerate rapture turns my face
Upon the devious coverts of dismay?

Dante Gabriel Rossetti.

ON MUSIC

When thro' life unblest we rove,
Losing all that made life dear,
Should some notes we used to love,
In days of boyhood, meet our ear,
Oh! how welcome breathes the strain!
Wakening thoughts that long have slept,
Kindling former smiles again
In faded eyes that long have wept.

Like the gale that sighs along
Beds of oriental flowers,
Is the grateful breath of song,
That once was heard in happier hours;
Fill'd with balm, the gale sighs on,
Though the flowers have sunk in death;
So, when pleasure's dream is gone,
Its memory lives in Music's breath.

Music, oh, how faint, how weak,
  Language fades before thy spell!
Why should Feeling even speak,
  When thou canst breathe her soul so well?
Friendship's balmy words may feign,
  Love's are ev'n more false than they;
Oh! 'tis only music's strain
  Can sweetly soothe, and not betray.

Thomas Moore.

PERSISTENT MUSIC

Lo! what am I, my heart, that I should dare
To love her who will never love again:
I, standing out here in the wind and rain,
With feet unsandalled, and uncovered hair,
Singing sad words to a still sadder air,
Who know not even if my song's refrain —
"Of sorrow, sorrow! loved, oh, loved in vain!" —
May reach her where she sits and hath no care.
But I will sing in every man's despite;
Yea, too, and love, and sing of love until
My music mixes with her dreams at night;
That when Death says to me, "Lie down, be still!"

She, pausing for my voice, and listening long,
May know its silence sadder than its song.

Philip Bourke Marston.

MUSIC

When whispering strains with creeping wind
Distil soft passions through the heart;
And when at every touch we find
Our pulses beat and bear a part;
When threads can make
A heart-string ache,
Philosophy
Can scarce deny
Our souls are made of harmony.

When unto heavenly joys we faine
Whate'er the soul affecteth most,
Which only thus we can explain
By music of the heavenly host;
Whose lays we think
Make stars to wink,
Philosophy
Can scarce deny
Our souls consist of harmony.

Forever

From Painting by H. Schmalz

EPIPHANY BRANCH
228 EAST 23rd STREET
CIRCULATING DEPARTMENT.

O, lull me, lull me, charming air!
My senses rock with wonder sweet;
Like snow on wool thy fallings are;
Soft like a spirit's are thy feet!
Grief who needs fear
That hath an ear?
Down let him lie,
And slumbering die,
And change his soul for harmony.

William Strode.

MUSIC

Music hath charms to soothe a savage breast,
To soften rocks, or bend a knotted oak.
I've read that things inanimate have moved,
And, as with living souls, have been informed
By magic numbers and persuasive sound.

William Congreve.

LOVE AND MUSIC

I listened to the music broad and deep —
I heard the tenor in an ecstasy
Touch the sweet, distant goal; I heard the cry

Of prayer and passion, and I heard the sweep
Of mighty wings, that in their waving keep
The music that the spheres make endlessly;
Then my cheek shivered, tears made blind mine eye,
As flame to flame I felt the quick blood leap,
And, through the tides and moonlit winds of sound
To me love's passionate voice grew audible.
Again I felt thy heart to my heart bound,
Then silence on the viols and voices fell;
But, like the still, small voice within a shell,
I heard Love thrilling through the void profound.

Philip Bourke Marston.

MUSIC AND MEMORY

Enchantress, touch no more that strain!
I know not what it may contain,
But in my breast such mood it wakes
My very spirit almost breaks.
Thoughts come from out some hidden realm
Whose dim memorials overwhelm,
Still bring not back the things I lost, —
Still bringing all the pain they cost.

John Albee.

MUSIC

What angel viol, effortless and sure,
  Speaks through the straining silence, whence, ah whence,
That tremulous low joy, so keen, so pure,
  That all existence narrows to one sense,
    Lapped round and round
    With rapture of sweet sound?
Oh, now it wins the giddy steep, and loud and loud
  Over the chasm and the cloud,
Swells its triumphant tide
Higher and higher, and undenied
    Insistent to the star! —
Then lowlier, softer, dreamful, droops and dies
    Over the closing eyes,
Dies with my spirit away, afar
  Swayed on some ocean's breast
    Dies into rest. *Sir Rennell Rodd.*

AFTER MUSIC

I saw not they were strange, the ways I roam,
  Until the music called, and called me thence,

And tears stirred in my heart as tears may come
To lonely children straying far from home,
Who know not how they wandered so, nor whence.

If I might follow far and far away
Unto the country where these songs abide,
I think my soul would wake and find it day,
Would tell me who I am, and why I stray,—
Would tell me who I was before I died.

Josephine Preston Peabody.

MUSIC

(Read at the Annual Dinner of the Harvard Musical Association, Boston, January 28, 1874.)

When "Music, Heavenly Maid," was *very* young,
She did not sing as poets say she sung.
Unlike the mermaids of the fairy-tales,
She paid but slight attentions to her scales.
Besides, poor thing! she had no instruments
But such as rude barbaric art invents.
There were no Steinways then, no Chickerings,
No spinnets, harpsichords, or metal strings;

No hundred-handed orchestras, no schools
To corset her in contrapuntal rules.
Some rude half-octave of a shepherd's song,
Some childish strumming all the summer long
On sinews stretched across a tortoise-shell,
Such as they say Apollo loved so well;
Some squeaking flageolet or scrannel pipe,
Some lyre poetic of the banjo type, —
Such were the means she summoned to her aid,
Prized as divine; on these she sang or played.
Music was then an infant, while she saw
Her sister arts full grown. Greece stood in awe
Before the Phidian Jove. Apelles drew
And Zeuxis painted. Marble temples "grew
As grows the grass"; and never saw the sun
A statelier vision than the Parthenon.

But she, the Muse who in these latter days
Lifts us and floats us in the golden haze
Of melodies and harmonies divine,
And steeps our souls and senses in such wine
As never Ganymede nor Hebe poured
For gods, when quaffing at the Olympian board, —

She, Heavenly Maid, must ply her music thin,
And sit and thrum her tinkling mandolin,
Chant her rude staves, and only prophesy
Her far-off days of immortality.

E'en so poor Cinderella, when she cowered
Beside her hearth, and saw her sisters, dowered
With grace and wealth, go to accomplish all
Their haughty triumphs at the Prince's ball,
While she in russet gown sat mournfully
Singing her "Once a king there chanced to be,"
Yet knows her prince will come; her splendid days
Are all foreshadowed in her dreaming gaze.
Then, as the years and centuries rolled on,
Like Santa Clauses they have come and gone,
Bringing all means of utterance to the Muse.
No penny-trumpets, such as children use,
No barbarous Indian drums, no twanging lutes,
No buzzing Jew's-harps, no Pandean flutes,
Were stuffed into her stockings, though they hung
On Time's great chimney, as when she was young;

But every rare and costly instrument
That skill can fabricate or art invent, —
Pianos, organs, viols, horns, trombones,
Hautboys, and clarionets with reedy tones,
Boehm flutes and cornets, bugles, harps, bassoons,
Huge double-basses, kettle-drum half-moons,
And every queer contrivance made for tunes.

Through these the master-spirits round her throng,
And Europe rings with instruments and song.
Through these she breathes her wondrous symphonies,
Enchanting airs, and choral litanies.
Through these she speaks the word that never dies,
The universal language of the skies.
Around her gather those who held their art
To be of life the dearest, noblest part.
Bach, Handel, Haydn, and Mozart are there;
Beethoven, chief of all. The southern air
Is ringing with Rossini's birdlike notes;
About the north more earnest music floats,
Where Weber, Schumann, Schubert, Mendelssohn,
And long processions of the lords of Tone

All come to attend her. Like a queen enthroned
She sits and rules the realms she long has owned,
And sways the willing sense, the aspiring soul,
Where thousands bow before her sweet control.

Ah, greater than all words of mine can say,
The heights, the depths, the glories, of that sway.
No mortal tongue can bring authentic speech
Of that enchanted world beyond its reach;
No tongue but hers, when, lifted on the waves
Of Tone and Harmony, beyond the graves
Of all we lose, we drift entranced away
Out of the discords of the common day;
And she, the immortal goddess, on her breast
Lulls us to visions of a sweet unrest,
Smiles at the tyrannies of time and space,
And folds us in a mother's fond embrace,
Till, sailing on upon that mystic sea,
We feel that Life is Immortality.

Christopher P. Cranch.

MUSIC

Take of the maiden's, of the mother's sigh,
Of childhood's dream, the hope and peace that bless
Old age; take of the lover's kiss, caress,
Of light it kindles in the loved one's eye;
Of June's long shadows, Autumn's evening sky,
Of roses, of the south wind's tenderness,
Of stars that burn through pine-tops, sprays that tress
The willow-banks where brooks run stillest by;
Take of the blissful lisping of young Spring,
Take of the last faint, pleading grief of Fall,
Of joy and woe that sleep and waking bring, —
The costliest offerings of the great, the small:
Now, pour into the empty soul each thing.
And let the Finger touch that moveth all.

John Vance Cheney.

SISTERS OF MUSIC

"Who sings?" said the Spirit of Music,
And smiled on her peers:

"Sweet Sorrow, sing Thou!" Sorrow answered,
"I cannot — for tears."

"Bright Hope, give a tongue to the poems
I read in thine eyes."
Hope answered, "My thoughts are all clouded,
And lost in the skies."

"Then Joy, put thy mouth to the bugle!
A note, for my sake."
Calm creature, she sleeps in the sunshine,
And will not awake.

But hush! a soft sound stealeth onwards,
Like the flight of a dove;
Ah, I find that the Song that is sweetest
Comes ever from Love.
Bryan W. Procter ("Barry Cornwall").

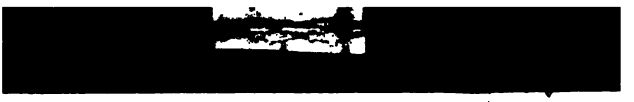
MUSICA TRIONFANTE

In the storm, in the smoke, in the fight, I come
To bring thee strength with my bugle and drum.
My name is Music, — and when the bell
Rings for the dead man, I rule the knell;

Sacred Music

From painting by G. Dubufe

EPIPHANY BRANCH
[illegible] EAST 23rd STREET
CIRCULATING DEPARTMENT.



And when the wrecked mariner hears in the blast
The fog-bell sound, — it was I who passed.
The poets have told you how I, a young maid,
Came fresh from the gods to the myrtle shade,
And thence by a power divine I stole
To where the waters of Mincius roll;
Then down by Clitumnus and Arno's vale
I wandered, passionate and pale,
Until I found me at sacred Rome,
Where one of the Medici gave me a home.
Leo, great Leo, he worshipped me,
And the Vatican stairs for my foot were free;
And now I am come to your glorious land,
Give me great welcome with heart and hand.
Remember Beethoven — I gave him his art —
And Sebastian Bach and superb Mozart:
Join them in my worship; and when the swell
Of their mighty organs hath laid a spell
On every sense, and thy cares are drowned,
Hear the voices of heaven through the men heaven hath crowned.

Thomas W. Parsons.

OF MUSIC

The miner delves in caverns of the earth
  Away from God's dear light, from everything
That breedeth joy and hope and wholesome mirth.
  Ah, heaven, how fair the change, how good to spring
Into the open, after dark and dearth!

The sailor gasps upon a sullen sea,
  Shipwrecked, half-mad for water, dying there;
Yet all the brine is but a mockery,
  And devils leer along the burning air.
Then, rain! how all-divine that drink must be!

One, a world wanderer, drifts from strand to strand
  For heedless years, — but then is fain to roam
No more: he longs to clasp some kinsman's hand,

To sleep in sacred chambers of his home.
How blest the day he hails the loved, lost land!

But neither light, nor drink, nor home ways stir
Such rare delight, such infinite keen bliss
In them, as comes to me, a worshipper
Of music, when I hear it yearn and kiss:
Life thrills, grows luminous-large, smells sweet with balm and myrrh.

Richard Burton.

VIVA LA MUSICA

Our house, that long in darkness dwelt,
And long in silence, day by day,
Before the mountain snows could melt,
While yet the world was bleak and gray,
Received an impulse from the play
Of sudden fingers on the strings,
That made the new-born meadows gay
With magic touch, as 'twere the Spring's.

The melancholy frog no more
Shall pipe his burden, twanging shrill;

The oriole gives his matins o'er,
No song-bird now hath any skill;
Even that reproachful whippoorwill
That stirred such memories in my heart
Is hushed, — yet comes, a listener still,
Nightly, to hear Cordelia's art.

O virgins of the silver lute!
O goddess of the golden chord!
And thou great master of the flute,
Pan, of the reeds acknowledged lord!
Troop hither, and your best reward
For your old music, in the days
When young Apollo was your king,
Shall be to peep from yonder bays,
And hear your latest scholar sing.

Thomas W. Parsons.

ON MUSIC

Many love music but for music's sake;
Many because her touches can awake
Thoughts that repose within the breast half dead,
And rise to follow where she loves to lead.

What various feelings come from days gone by!
What tears from far-off sources dim the eye!
Few, when light fingers with sweet voices play,
And melodies swell, pause and melt away,
Mind how at every touch, at every tone,
A spark of life hath glisten'd and hath gone.

Walter Savage Landor.

DISSONANCES

Oft in the midst of music rare
Comes a break in the fluent air;

Seeming dissonances creep
Into the chords once tender, deep.

But, as the deft musician plays
On to the end, the music strays

Back to harmonies that are meet,
Making the whole a thing more sweet.

So, from the strings of the harp of life
Notes may be struck with discord rife;

But when the air is played, you see
They were a part of the melody.

Richard Burton.

ON MUSIC

I cannot tell how high my soul takes wing,
Nor to what depths in liquid sweets it sinks —
Yet well I know it suffers from thy sting,
As one who of Cyceon mixture drinks.
And I can feel a rose-stream thro' me creep,
Curving about my senses, as they leap,
And swell and rise and fall,
As blossoms ambrosial
Shook from some full-blown orange-tree in spring,
Sink wav'ring to the ground
And bound
Unto the zephyr's piping, in dizzy, dizzy ring!

William Stanley Braithwaite.

SONNET CXXVIII.

How oft, when thou, my music, music play'st,
Upon that blessed wood whose motion sounds

Profane Music

With thy sweet fingers, when thou gently
sway'st
The wiry concord that mine ear confounds,
Do I envy those jacks that nimble leap
To kiss the tender inward of thy hand,
Whilst my poor lips, which should that harvest
reap,
At the wood's boldness by thee blushing stand!
To be so tickled, they would change their
state
And situation with those dancing chips,
O'er whom thy fingers walk with gentle gait,
Making dead wood more blest than living lips.
Since saucy jacks so happy are in this,
Give them thy fingers, me thy lips to kiss.

William Shakespeare.

HEARING MUSIC

When lovely sounds about my ears
Like winds in Eden's tree-tops rise,
And make me, though my spirit hears,
For very luxury close my eyes,
Let none but friends be round about
Who love the soothing joy like me,
That so the charm be felt throughout,
And all be harmony.

And when we reach the close divine,
Then let the hand of her I love
Come with its gentle palm on mine,
As soft as snow or lighting dove;
And let, by stealth, that more than friend
Look sweetness in my opening eyes,
For only so such dreams should end,
Or wake in Paradise.

Leigh Hunt.

MUSIC

Interminable undulating weeds
Cover sharp rocks along the sea's abyss;
Thus buoyant music waves about the breast
And lifts it up from what lies dark below.

Walter Savage Landor.

MUSIC

Move on, light hands, so strongly, tenderly,
Now with dropped calm and yearning undersong,
Now swift and loud, tumultuously strong,
And I in darkness, sitting near to thee,
Shall only hear, and feel, but shall not see,

One hour made passionately bright with dreams,
Keen glimpses of life's splendor, dashing gleams
Of what we would, and what we cannot be.
Surely not painful ever, yet not glad,
Shall such hours be to me, but blindly sweet,
Sharp with all yearning and all fact at strife.
Dreams that shine by with unremember'd feet,
And tones that like far distance make this life
Spectral and wonderful and strangely sad.

Archibald Lampman.

INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC

The charms of melody, in simple airs,
By human voices sung, are always felt;
With thoughts responsive careless hearers melt,
Of secret ills, which our frail nature bears.
We listen, weep, forget. But when the throng
Of a great master's thoughts, above the reach
Of words or colors, wire and wood can teach

By laws which to the spirit-world belong —
When several parts, to tell one mood combined,
Flash meaning on us we can ne'er express,
Giving to matter subtlest powers of mind,
Superior joys attentive souls confess:
The harmony which suns and stars obey,
Blesses our earth-bound state with visions of supernal day.

Margaret Fuller Ossoli.

MUSIC

Soft as a flash of summer light,
A thrill of music sweet
Breathed somewhat in the ear of Night,
And died along the street.

Gray Night, it said, from amorous tongue,
From minstrel, and from bird,
Since first thy heaven with stars was hung
What carols thou hast heard!

If only we could call the ghost
Of each forgotten strain!
If all the silver-sounding host
Made melody again!

If every song whose magic made
  Yon stars more deeply burn,
Then fled and withered like a shade,
  Could like a shade return!

I who would bid the Lovely stay,
  I who would bind the Fair;
Even as I plead I pass away,
  And go I know not where.

Richard Garnett.

THE HARP THE MONARCH MINSTREL SWEPT

The harp the monarch minstrel swept,
  The King of men, the loved of Heaven,
Which Music hallow'd while she wept
  O'er tones her heart of hearts had given,
  Redoubled be her tears, its chords are riven!
It soften'd men of iron mould,
  It gave them virtues not their own;
No ear so dull, no soul so cold,
  That felt not, fired not to the tone,
  Till David's lyre grew mightier than his throne.

It told the triumphs of our King,
  It wafted glory to our God;
It made our gladden'd valleys ring,
  The cedars bow, the mountains nod;
  Its sound aspired to heaven, and ther
    abode!
Since then, though heard on earth no more,
  Devotion, and her daughter Love,
Still bid the bursting spirit soar
  To sounds that seem as from above,
  In dreams that day's broad light canno
    remove.

Lord Byron.

HASSAN'S MUSIC

Land of Delight! you did not hold us long:
Three moons we spent with Hassan, but thos
    three,
Like flies in amber, lie in memory —
Three languid moons, three moons of drean
    and song.
When Hassan played, the musky winds o
    night
Trembled, and turned to music with delight
Lo! it was melody's insanity:

The Harp of Tara

EPIPHANY BRANCH
228 EAST 23rd STREET
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Now 'twas a honey-throated nightingale,
And now a sigh, a soul in agony,
A troubled dead-march with melodious wail,
A fall of tears — then it came daintily,
Like the perfumèd air that smote the sail
Of Cleopatra's golden barge, when she
Sailed down to Tarsus to Mark Antony.

Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

THE HARP THAT ONCE THROUGH TARA'S HALLS

The harp that once through Tara's halls
The soul of music shed,
Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls,
As if that soul were fled. —
So sleeps the pride of former days,
So glory's thrill is o'er,
And hearts that once beat high for praise
Now feel that pulse no more.

No more to chiefs and ladies bright
The harp of Tara swells;
The chord alone, that breaks at night,
Its tale of ruin tells.
Thus Freedom now so seldom wakes,
The only throb she gives,

Is when some heart indignant breaks,
To show that still she lives.

Thomas Moore.

WOINOMOINEN'S MUSIC

(Finnish. Anonymous)

Then the ancient Woinomoinen
On the bench himself he seated;
Took the harp betwixt his fingers;
On his knee about he turned it,
In his hand he fitly placed it.
Play'd the ancient Woinomoinen,
Universal joy awaking.
Like a concert was his playing:
There was nothing in the forest,
On four nimble feet that runneth,
On four lengthy legs that stalketh,
But repair'd to hear the music
When the ancient Woinomoinen,
When the Father joy awaken'd;
Even, at Woinomoinen's harping,
'Gainst the hedge the bear upbounded.
There was nothing in the forest,
On two whirling pinions flying,
But with whirlwind speed did hasten;

There was nothing in the ocean,
With six fins about that roweth,
Or with eight to move delighteth,
But repair'd to hear the music;
Even the briny water's mother
'Gainst the beach breast-forward cast her,
On a little sand-hill raised her,
On her side with tail upcrawling.
Even from Woinomoinen's eyeballs
Tears of heartfelt pleasure trickled,
Bigger than the whortleberry,
Heavier than the eggs of plovers,
Down his broad and mighty bosom,
Kneeward from his bosom flowing,
From his knee his feet bedewing;
And I've heard, his tears they trickled
Through the five wool-wefts of thickness,
Through his jackets eight of wadmal.

Translated by George Borrow.

POWER OF MUSIC

An Orpheus! an Orpheus! yes, Faith may grow bold,
And take to herself all the wonders of old;—

Near the stately Pantheon you'll meet with the same
In the street that from Oxford hath borrowed its name.

His station is there; and he works on the crowd,
He sways them with harmony merry and loud;
He fills with his power all their hearts to the brim—
Was aught ever heard like his fiddle and him?

What an eager assembly! what an empire is this!
The weary have life, and the hungry have bliss:
The mourner is cheered, and the anxious have rest;
And the guilt-burthened soul is no longer oppprest.

As the Moon brightens round her the clouds of the night,
So He, where he stands, is a centre of light;
It gleams on the face, there, of dusky-browed Jack,
And the pale-visaged Baker's, with basket on back.

New York Pub
EPIPHANY BRANCH
228 EAST 23rd STREET
CIRCULATING DEPARTMENT.

That errand-bound 'Prentice was passing in haste —
What matter! he's caught — and his time runs to waste;
The Newsman is stopped, though he stops on the fret;
And the half-breathless Lamplighter — he's in the net!

The Porter sits down on the weight which he bore;
The Lass with her barrow wheels hither her store; —
If a thief could be here he might pilfer at ease;
She sees the Musician, 'tis all that she sees!

He stands backed by the wall; — he abates not his din,
His hat gives him vigor, with boons dropping in,
From the old and the young, from the poorest; and there!
The one-pennied Boy has his penny to spare.

O blest are the hearers, and proud be the hand
Of the pleasure it spreads through so thankful a band;

I am glad for him, blind as he is! — all the
while
If they speak 'tis to praise, and they praise
with a smile.

That tall Man, a giant in bulk and in height,
Not an inch of his body is free from delight;
Can he keep himself still, if he would? oh,
not he!
The music stirs in him like wind through a
tree.

Mark that Cripple who leans on his crutch;
like a tower
That long has leaned forward, leans hour after
hour! —
That Mother, whose spirit in fetters is bound,
While she dandles the babe in her arms to
the sound.

Now, coaches and chariots! roar on like a
stream;
Here are twenty souls happy as souls in a
dream:
They are deaf to your murmurs — they care
not for you,
Nor what ye are flying, nor what ye pursue!

William Wordsworth.

MUSIC IN AN AVENUE

I

I knew the Minstrel not, and yet I knew
He played on pipes of Pan as he went by,
And that a passion boundless as the sky
Ran like a golden flame, his measures through.
I thought, this Minstrel will the gods pursue
Till they await his coming, nor deny
That their melodious ways together lie,
The while he dreams some deathless note to woo!
On, past me, like a nightingale he swept,
While the June air a-throb with music swayed,
On, through the avenue where the stone hounds slept;
And as the western glory on them strayed,
I think they roused, but a fierce silence kept,
Quelled by the magic of the strains he played.

II

They who play pipes of Pan are never spent,
And I shall hear from some resplendent height
That he will reach in his imperial flight,
Rapture on rapture by the Minstrel sent;

Elect to race with gods, behold he went
Flying upon his way toward Love and Light,
That are their fairest goals, and tuned to sight
Came face to face with the Omnipotent.
Flute on, O Minstrel in thy wondrous June!
And all the lilies, listening thee, will blow,
And 'cross more silver seas will sail the moon,
Till with song-bladed wings thy soul shall go
And out of some near Eden snatch a tune,
That all the coming centuries shall know.

Cara E. Whiton-Stone.

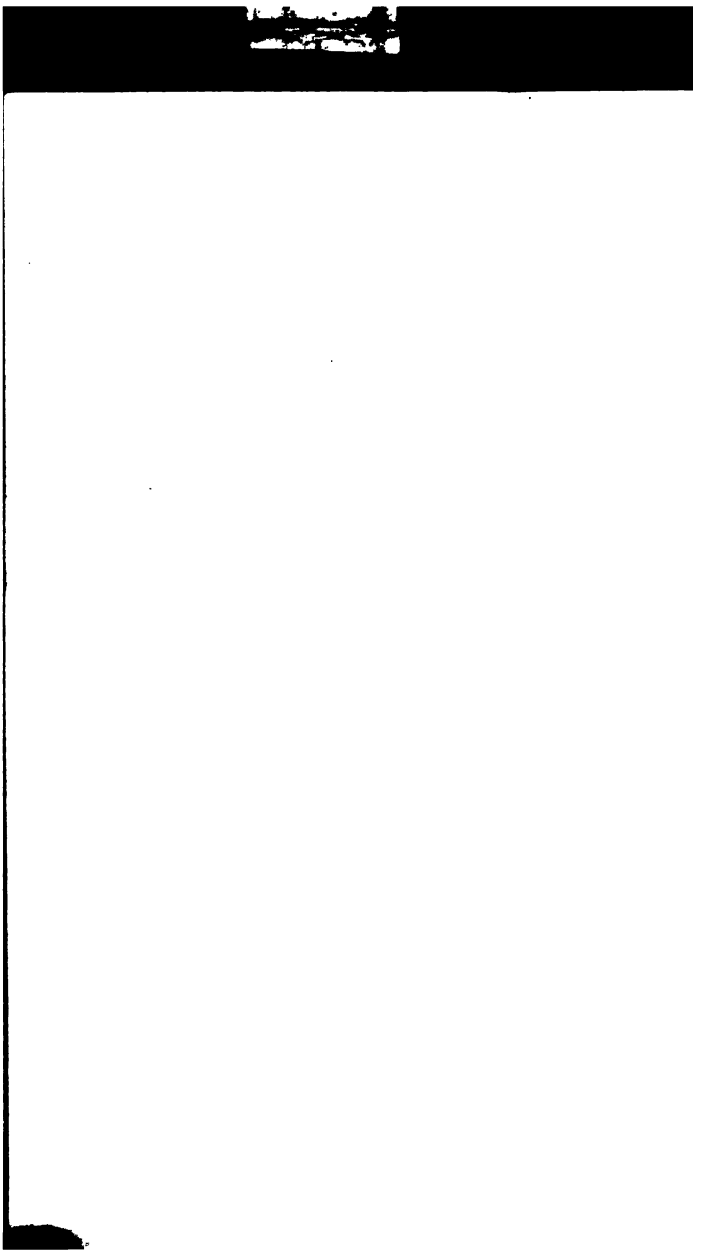
ON HEARING AN ÆOLIAN HARP

Sure 'tis the voice of choired saints that flows
Along the billows of the softened breeze . . .
And now, in falls and dying symphonies,
So sweet it glides, that forth my rapt soul goes
To join those hymnings, ta'en from all her woes.
Yet once more, and once more, ye minstrelsies
Of power, my stormy spirit to appease,
With some dissolving dream my thoughts compose. . . .

The Dreamers

From Painting by Alex. Golz

EPIPHANY BRANCH
328 EAST 23rd STREET
CIRCULATING DEPARTMENT.



Again your strains float, sinking on the wind,
  Soft, wild, and mournful all; now melt away,
  Faintly perceived, like some expiring ray
Of memory that trembles o'er the mind,
Lovely in its departure, still enshrined
  As the blest relic of a happy day.

Peter Bayley, Jr.

AN OLD TUNE

(Gerard de Nerval)

There is an air for which I would disown
  Mozart's, Rossini's, Weber's melodies,—
A sweet sad air that languishes and sighs,
  And keeps its secret charm for me alone.

Whene'er I hear that music vague and old,
  Two hundred years are mist that rolls away;
The thirteenth Louis reigns, and I behold
  A green land golden in the dying day.

An old red castle, strong with stony towers,
  The windows gay with many-colored glass,

Wide plains, and rivers flowing among flowers,
That bathe the castle basement as they pass.

In antique weed, with dark eyes and gold hair,
A lady looks forth from her window high;
It may be that I knew and found her fair,
In some forgotten life, long time gone by.

Andrew Lang.

MUSIC OF HUNGARY[1]

(Á Anton Dvorák)

My body answers you, my blood
Leaps at your maddening, piercing call.
The fierce notes startle, and the veil
Of this dull present seems to fall.
My soul responds to that long cry;
It wants its country, Hungary!

Not mine by birth. Yet have I not
Some strain of that old Magyar race?
Else why the secret stir of sense
At sight of swarthy Tzigane face,

[1] From "Songs About Life, Love, and Death," copyright, 1892, by Charles Scribner's Sons.

That warns me: "Lo, thy kinsmen nigh."
All's dear that tastes of Hungary.

Once more, O let me hear once more
The passion and barbaric rage!
Let me forget my exile here
In this mild land, in this mild age;
Once more that unrestrained wild cry
That takes me to my Hungary!

They listen with approving smile,
But I, O God, I want my home!
I want the Tzigane tongue, the dance,
The nights in tents, the days to roam.
O music, O fierce life and free,
God made my soul for Hungary!

Anne Reeve Aldrich.

THE LOVER OF MUSIC TO HIS PIANOFORTE

O friend, whom glad or grave we seek,
Heav'n-holding shrine!
I ope thee, touch thee, hear thee speak,
And peace is mine.
No fairy casket full of bliss,
Out-values thee:

Love only, waken'd with a kiss,
More sweet may be.

To thee, when our full hearts o'erflow
In griefs or joys,
Unspeakable emotions owe
A fitting voice:
Mirth flies to thee, and Love's unrest,
And Memory dear.
And Sorrow, with his tighten'd breast,
Comes for a tear.

Oh since few joys of human mould
Thus wait us still,
Thrice bless'd be thine, thou gentle fold
Of peace at will.
No change, no sullenness, no cheat,
In thee we find;
Thy saddest voice is ever sweet, —
Thine answer, kind.

Leigh Hunt.

WHERE DID YOU LEARN THAT MUSIC?

Where did you learn that music? For it drew
My dreaming back down autumn paths of years,

Touched chords long silent and forgotten
tears,
Recalled dim valleys where dead violets grew,
Soothed me with twilight, as it were it knew
The very secret of my heart and sighed
For sympathy, and when at last it died
It seemed as if my soul were singing too.

Sir Rennell Rodd.

TO A PIANISTE

I saw thee once, I see thee now;
Thy pure young face, thy noble mien,
Thy truthful eyes, thy radiant brow;
All childlike, lovely, and serene;
Rapt in harmonious visions proud,
Scarce conscious of the audient crowd.

I heard thee when the instrument,
Possessed and quickened by thy soul,
Impassioned and intelligent,
Responded to thy full control
With all the treasures of its dower,
Its sweetest and its grandest power.

I saw and heard with such delight
As rarely charms our lower sphere:

Blind Handel would not miss his sight,
Thy beauty voiced thus in his ear;
Beethoven in that face would see
His glorious unheard harmony.

James Thomson.

TRUMPETS IN LOHENGRIN

Hark! 'Tis the golden trumpets of the dawn
Sounding the day!
Music, O Music fain!
From rosy reaches drawn,
And fall of silver rain,
Along the call how swift the sunrise streams!
Sound, sound again,
O magical refrain!

Peal on peal winding through the dewy air,
Peal on peal answering far off and fair,
Peal on peal bursting in victorious blare!
Sound, sound again,
With your delicious pain,
O wild sweet haunting strain,
Till the sky swell with hint of heavenly gleams
And the heart break with gladness loosed
from dreams!

What buoyant spirit breathes the breath of
morn
And earth's delight,
Trumpets, O trumpets blest!
Great voices, born
Of consecrated gest,
Across the ramparts ring and faint and fail!
O echoes, pressed
On some ethereal quest,
Touch all the joyance to a tearful dew,
With melancholy gathering o'er the blue —
Infinite hope, infinite sorrow, too!
And, heard, or guessed,
Sweet, sweet, O sweet and best,
Fall'n from some skyey crest,
O horns of heaven, give your hero hail,
Blown to him from the Kingdom of the Grail!

Harriet Prescott Spofford.

THE PIANO

Low brooding cadences that dream and cry,
Life's stress and passion echoing straight and
clear;
Wild flights of notes that clamor and beat
high
Into the storm and battle, or drop sheer;

Strange majesties of sound beyond all words
Ringing on clouds and thunderous heights
sublime;
Sad detonance of golden tones and chords
That tremble with the secret of all time;
O wrap me round; for one exulting hour
Possess my soul, and I indeed shall know
The wealth of living, the desire, the power,
The tragic sweep, the Apollonian glow;
All life shall stream before me; I shall see,
With eyes unblanched, Time and Eternity.

Archibald Lampman.

TO MY LYRE[1]

Hast thou upon the idle branches hung,
O Lyre, this livelong day,
Nor as the sweet wind through the rose-leaves
sung
Uttered one dulcet lay?
Come down, and by my rival touch be rung
As tenderly as they!

Did not Alcæus with blood-streaming hand
Range o'er his trembling wire,

[1] An imitation of Horace, Carm. I. 32.

Stealing forth sounds more eloquently bl
Than softness could desire,
As if with myrtle bough sweet Venus fan
His rapt Lesboan lyre?

And shall not I, that never will imbrue
This hand except in wine —
My battle-field a bed of violets blue,
Where conquered nymphs recline —
Shall not I wake the soul of sweetness too,
Thou gentle Lyre of mine?

George Darley.

OLD SONGS

There is many a simple song one hears,
To an outworn tune, that starts the tears;
Not for itself — for the buried years.

Perchance 'twas heard in the days of you
When breath was buoyant and words we
truth;
When joys were peddled at Life's gay boo

Or maybe it sounded along a lane
Where She walked with you — and now again
You catch Love's cadence, Love's old sweet pain.

Or else it stole through a room where lay
A dear one dying, and seemed to say:
"Love and death, they shall pass away."

It rises out of the Long Ago,
And that is the reason it shakes you so
With pain and passion and buried woe.

There is many a simple song that brings
From deeps of living, on viewless wings,
The tender magic of bygone things.

Richard Burton.

A LOST CHORD

Seated one day at the organ,
I was weary and ill at ease,
And my fingers wandered idly
Over the noisy keys.

I know not what I was playing,
  Or what I was dreaming then,
But I struck one chord of music
  Like the sound of a great Amen.

It flooded the crimson twilight,
  Like the close of an angel's psalm,
And it lay on my fevered spirit
  With a touch of infinite calm.

It quieted pain and sorrow,
  Like love overcoming strife;
It seemed the harmonious echo
  From our discordant life.

It linked all perplexed meanings
  Into one perfect peace,
And trembled away into silence,
  As if it were loth to cease.

I have sought, but I seek it vainly,
  That one lost chord divine,
Which came from the soul of the organ
  And entered into mine.

It may be that Death's bright angel
  Will speak in that chord again;

It may be that only in heaven
I shall hear that grand Amen.
Adelaide Anne Procter.

MUSIC IN THE NIGHT

When stars pursue their solemn flight,
Oft in the middle of the night,
A strain of music visits me,
Hushed in a moment silverly, —
Such rich and rapturous strains as make
The very soul of silence ache
With longing for the melody;

Or lovers in the distant dusk
Of summer gardens, sweet as musk,
Pouring the blissful burden out,
The breaking joy, the dying doubt;
Or revellers, all flown with wine,
And in a madness half divine,
Beating the broken tune about;

Or else the rude and rolling notes
That leave some strolling sailors' throats,
Hoarse with the salt sprays, it may be,
Of many a mile of rushing sea;

Evening Song

EPIPHANY BRANCH
328 EAST 23rd STREET
CIRCULATING DEPARTMENT.

Or some high-minded dreamer strays
Late through the solitary ways,
Nor heeds the listening night, nor me.

Or how or whence those tones be heard,
Hearing, the slumbering soul is stirred,
As when a swiftly passing light
Startles the shadows into flight;
While one remembrance suddenly
Thrills through the melting melody, —
A strain of music in the night.

Out of the darkness bursts the song,
Into the darkness moves along:
Only a chord of memory jars,
Only an old wound burns its scars,
As the wild sweetness of the strain
Smites the heart with passionate pain,
And vanishes among the stars.

Harriet Prescott Spofford.

THE SINGERS

God sent his Singers upon earth
With songs of sadness and of mirth,
That they might touch the hearts of men,
And bring them back to heaven again.

The first a youth, with soul of fire,
Held in his hand a golden lyre;
Through groves he wandered, and by streams,
Playing the music of our dreams.

The second with a bearded face,
Stood singing in the market-place,
And stirred with accents deep and loud
The hearts of all the listening crowd.

A gray old man, the third and last,
Sang in cathedrals dim and vast,
While the majestic organ rolled
Contrition from its mouths of gold.

And those who heard the Singers three
Disputed which the best might be;
For still their music seemed to start
Discordant echoes in each heart.

But the great Master said, "I see
No best in kind, but in degree;
I gave a various gift to each,
To charm, to strengthen, and to teach.

"These are the three great chords of might,
And he whose ear is tuned aright

Will hear no discord in the three,
But the most perfect harmony."

Henry W. Longfellow.

THE SOLITARY REAPER

Behold her, single in the field,
Yon solitary Highland Lass!
Reaping and singing by herself;
Stop here, or gently pass!
Alone she cuts and binds the grain,
And sings a melancholy strain;
O listen! for the Vale profound
Is overflowing with the sound.

No nightingale did ever chaunt
More welcome notes to weary bands
Of travellers in some shady haunt,
Among Arabian Sands:
A voice so thrilling ne'er was heard
In springtime from the Cuckoo-bird,
Breaking the silence of the seas
Among the farthest Hebrides.

Will no one tell me what she sings?—
Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow

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EPIPHANY BRANCH
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CIRCULATING DEPARTMENT

For old, unhappy, far-off things,
And battles long ago:
Or is it some more humble lay,
Familiar matter of to-day?
Some natural sorrow, loss, or pain,
That has been, and may be again?

Whate'er the theme, the Maiden sang
As if her song could have no ending;
I saw her singing at her work,
And o'er the sickle bending;—
I listened, motionless and still;
And, as I mounted up the hill
The music in my heart I bore,
Long after it was heard no more.

William Wordsworth.

THY SONG

Ask me not which of all my songs is thine!
Ask of the Spring, when first the blossoms stir,
Which of their fairy pennons waves for her;
Ask of the Night which star of all that shine
Is her own signet, peerless and divine;
Ask of the Sun which purple follower

Among the clouds is his sole worshipper,
Lifting at dawn his colors and his sign.

As stars are born of night, as flowers of spring,
As clouds the vivid hues of sunlight wear,
And all an equal rank and kinship know,
So is thy memory the awakening,
The living warmth, the radiance large and fair
In which all songs of mine to utterance grow.

Frances Laughton Mace.

TO A FACE AT A CONCERT

When the low music makes a dusk of sound
About us, and the viol or far-off horn
Swells out above it like a wind forlorn,
That wanders seeking something never found,
What phantom in your brain, on what dim ground,
Traces its shadowy lines? What vision, born
Of unfulfilment, fades in mere self-scorn,
Or grows, from that still twilight stealing round?

When the lids droop and the hands lie unstrung,
Dare one divine your dream, while the chords weave
Their cloudy woof from key to key, and die, —
Is it one fate that, since the world was young,
Has followed man, and makes him half believe
The voice of instruments a human cry?

Edward Rowland Sill.

TO A LADY PLAYING ON THE CITHERN

So dreamy-soft the notes, so far away
They seem to fall, the horns of Oberon
Blow their faint Hunt's-up from the good time gone;
Or, on a morning of long-withered May,
Larks tinkle unseen o'er Claudian arches gray,
That Romeward crawl from Dreamland; and anon
My fancy flings her cloak of Darkness on,
To vanish from the dungeon of To-day.

Song without Words

From paintings by Wm. Thorne

EPIPHANY BRANCH
328 EAST 23rd STREET
CIRCULATING DEPARTMENT.

In happier times and scenes I seem to be,
And, as her fingers flutter o'er the strings,
The days return when I was young as she,
And my fledged thoughts began to feel their
wings
With all Heaven's blue before them: Memory
Or Music is it such enchantment sings?

James Russell Lowell.

WITH A GUITAR.—TO JANE

. . . . . .

The artist who this idol wrought
To echo all harmonious thought,
Felled a tree, while on the steep
The woods were in their winter sleep,
Rocked in that repose divine
On the wind-swept Apennine;
And dreaming, some of Autumn past,
And some of Spring approaching fast,
And some of April buds and showers,
And some of songs in July bowers,
And all of Love; and so this tree—
Oh, that such our death may be!—
Died in sleep and felt no pain,
To live in happier form again:

From which, beneath Heaven's fairest star,
The artist wrought this loved guitar,
And taught it justly to reply,
To all who question skilfully,
In language gentle as thine own;
Whispering in enamored tone
Sweet oracles of woods and dells,
And summer winds in sylvan cells;
For it had learned all harmonies
Of the plains and of the skies,
Of the forests and the mountains,
And the many-voicèd fountains;
The clearest echoes of the hills,
The softest notes of falling rills,
The melodies of birds and bees,
The murmuring of summer seas,
And pattering rain, and breathing dew,
And airs of evening; and it knew
That seldom-heard mysterious sound,
Which, driven on its diurnal round,
As it floats through boundless day,
Our world enkindles on its way.
All this it knows, but will not tell
To those who cannot question well
The spirit that inhabits it;
It talks according to the wit

Of its companions; and no more
Is heard than has been felt before
By those who tempt it to betray
These secrets of an elder day.
But, sweetly as its answers will
Flatter hands of perfect skill,
It keeps its highest, holiest tone
For our belovèd Jane alone.

Percy Bysshe Shelley.

TO LEONORA SINGING AT ROME

(Translated by William Cowper)

Another Leonora once inspired
Tasso, with fatal love to frenzy fired;
But how much happier, lived he now, were he,
Pierced with whatever pangs for love of thee!
Since could he hear that heavenly voice of thine,
With Adriana's lute of sound divine,
Fiercer than Pentheus' though his eye might roll,
Or idiot apathy benumb his soul,
You still with medicinal sounds might cheer
His senses wandering in a blind career;

And, sweetly breathing through his wounded
breast,
Charm, with soul-soothing song, his thoughts
to rest.

From the Latin of John Milton.

THE VIOLINIST

But that one air for all that throng! And yet
How variously the magic strain swept
through
Those thousand hearts! I saw young eyes
that knew
Only earth's fairest sights, grow dim and wet;
While eyes long fed on visions of regret,
Beheld the rose of hope spring up from rue.
For some the night-wind in thy music blew;
For some, the spring's celestial clarinet!
And each heart knew its own: the poet heard,
Ravished, the song his lips could never free;
The girl, her lover's swift impassioned word;
The mother thought, "Oh little, buried face!"
And one, through veil of doubt and agony,
Saw Christ, alone in the dim garden-place!

Margaret Steele Anderson.

THE ORGANIST

Slowly I circle the dim, dizzy stair,
  Wrapt in my cloak's gray fold,
Holding my heart lest it throb to the air
  Its radiant secret, for though I be old,
Though I totter and rock like a ship in the wind,
And the sunbeams come unto me broken and blind,
  Yet my spirit drinks youth from the treasure we hold,
    Richer than gold.

Princes below me, lips wet from the wine,
  Hush at my organ's swell;
Ladies applaud me with clappings as fine
  As showers that splash in a musical well.
But their ears only hear mighty melodies ringing,
And their souls never know 'tis my angel there singing,
  That the grand organ-angel awakes in his cell
    Under my spell.

There in the midst of the wandering pipes,
  Far from the gleaming keys,
And the organ front with its gilded stripes,
  My glorious angel lies sleeping at ease.
And the hand of a stranger may beat at his
    gate,
And the ear of a stranger may listen and wait.
  But he only cries in his pain for these,
      Witless to please.

Angel, my angel, the old man's hand
  Knoweth thy silver way.
I loose thy lips from their silence band
  And over thy heart-strings my fingers play,
While the song peals forth from thy mellow
    throat,
And my spirit climbs on the climbing note,
  Till I mingle thy tone with the tones away
      Over the day.

So I look up as I follow the tone,
  Up with my dim old eyes,
And I wonder if organs have angels alone,
  Or if, as my fancy might almost surmise,
Each man in his heart folds an angel with
    wings,
An angel that slumbers, but wakens and sings

A Spring Concert

... m painting by J. L. Hamon

EPIPHANY BRANCH
228 EAST 23rd STREET
CIRCULATING DEPARTMENT.

When thrilled by the touch that is sympathy-wise,
Bidding it rise.

Katherine Lee Bates.

TO LAURA, PLAYING

(Translated by Lord Lytton)

When o'er the chords thy fingers steal,
A soulless statue now I feel,
And now a soul set free!
Thou rulest over life and death,
Mighty as over souls the breath
Of some great Sorcery.

Then the vassal airs that woo thee,
Hush their low breath hearkening to thee:
In delight and in devotion,
Pausing from her whirling motion,
Nature in enchanted calm,
Silently drinks the floating balm,
Sorceress, *her* heart with thy tone
Claiming — as thine eyes my own!

O'er the transport — tumult-driven,
Doth the music gliding swim;

From the strings, as from their heaven,
Burst the new-born Seraphim.
As when from Chaos' giant arms set free,
'Mid the creation-storm, exultingly
Sprang sparkling forth the Orbs of Light —
So streams the rich tones in melodious might.

Soft-gliding now, as when o'er pebbles glancing,
The silver wave goes dancing,
Now with majestic swell, and strong,
As thunder peals in organ-tones along;
And now with stormy gush,
As down the rock, in foam, the whirling torrents rush;
To a whisper now,
Melts it amorously,
Like the breeze through the bough
Of the aspen-tree;
Heavily now, and with a mournful breath,
Like midnight's wind along those wastes of death,
Where Awe the wail of ghosts lamenting hears,
And slow Cocytus trails the stream whose waves are tears.

Speak, maiden, speak! — O, art thou one of those
Spirits more lofty than our region knows?
Should we in thine the mother-language seek,
Souls in Elysium speak?

From the German of Schiller.

TO CONSTANTIA, SINGING

Thus to be lost and thus to sink and die,
Perchance were death indeed! — Constantia, turn!
In thy dark eyes a power like light doth lie,
Even though the sounds which were thy voice, which burn
Between thy lips, are laid to sleep;
Within thy breath, and on thy hair, like odor it is yet,
And from thy touch like fire doth leap.
Even while I write, my burning cheeks are wet,
Alas, that the torn heart can bleed, but not forget!

A breathless awe, like the swift change
Unseen but felt in youthful slumbers,

Wild, sweet, but uncommunicably strange,
Thou breathest now in fast ascending numbers.
The cope of heaven seems rent and cloven
By the enchantment of thy strain,
And on my shoulders wings are woven,
To follow its sublime career,
Beyond the mighty moons that wane
Upon the verge of nature's utmost sphere,
Till the world's shadowy walls are past and disappear.

Her voice is hovering o'er my soul — it lingers
O'ershadowing it with soft and lulling wings,
The blood and life within those snowy fingers
Teach witchcraft to the instrumental strings.
My brain is wild, my breath comes quick —
The blood is listening in my frame,
And thronging shadows, fast and thick,
Fall on my overflowing eyes;
My heart is quivering like a flame;
As morning dew, that in the sunbeam dies,
I am dissolved in these consuming ecstasies.

I have no life, Constantia, now, but thee,
Whilst, like the world-surrounding air, thy song
Flows on, and fills all things with melody. —
Now is thy voice a tempest swift and strong,
On which, like one in trance upborne,
Secure o'er rocks and waves I sweep,
Rejoicing like a cloud of morn.
Now 'tis the breath of summer night,
Which, when the starry waters sleep,
Round western isles, with incense-blossoms bright,
Lingering, suspends my soul in its voluptuous flight.

Percy Bysshe Shelley.

THE SINGER

Before that crowd she stood, a flowerlike thing —
That curious crowd that came to see her sing
(See more than hear, her beauty's fame was such),
Unconscious as a child, save for a touch
Of happy fear like some wild bird was she,
Instinct with light, and fire, and purity;

But when she sang, there fell so deep a hush,
The listening ear might almost hear a blush!
Methinks the very footlights must have felt
The wonder and the fragrance where they knelt.
Across the years once more I see her stand,
The sheet of music trembling in her hand.

Suitors she had in plenty; men who flung
Their hearts with their bouquets when she had sung;
She laugh'd in girlish ignorance, nor guess'd
The flattery in the voices that caress'd.
But, lest his blossom suffer blight withal,
Came jealously the Lover of us all,
And wooed her spirit with his subtlest breath —
What lad hath kiss'd so many lips as Death!
Through blinding tears once more I see her lie
Like a pale lily, garnered for the sky!

Mayhap one voice was missing in the choir
That sings forever round God's feet of fire;
Mayhap the Seraphim, leaning low, had caught
Her little human echo of God's thought,

Trifling

From painting by R. Poetzelberger

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And wished her thither, till she, answering, rose,
Loth to leave these her friends, yet fain for those,
More distant but more dear, whose lips were placed
Warm on the Bridegroom's, passionately chaste.
I know not; this I know: mine ear shall keep
Those great soprano sounds until I sleep;
And this I know: her brow, her hair, her eye,
Shall be to me a glory till I die!

Frederic Lawrence Knowles.

TO JANE

The keen stars were twinkling,
And the fair moon was rising among them,
Dear Jane.
The guitar was tinkling,
But the notes were not sweet till you sung them
Again.

As the moon's soft splendor
O'er the faint cold starlight of heaven

Is thrown,
So your voice most tender
To the strings without soul had then given
Its own.

The stars will awaken,
Though the moon sleep a full hour later
To-night;
No leaf will be shaken
Whilst the dews of your melody scatter
Delight.

Though the sound overpowers,
Sing again, with your dear voice revealing
A tone
Of some world far from ours,
Where music and moonlight and feeling
Are one.

Percy Bysshe Shelley.

THE MUSIC-HALL

The curtain on the grouping dancers falls,
The heaven of color has vanished from our eyes;
Stirred in our seats we wait with vague surmise

What haply comes that pleases or that palls.
Touched on the stand the thrice-struck baton calls,
Once more I watch the unfolding curtain rise,
I hear the exultant violins premise
The well-known tune that thrills me and enthralls.
Then trembling in my joy I see you flash
Before the footlights to the cymbals' clash,
With laughing lips, swift feet, and brilliant glance,
You, fair as heaven and as a rainbow bright,
You, queen of song and empress of the dance,
Flower of mine eyes, my love, my heart's delight!

Theodore Wratislaw.

A PRELUDE

You shall play me, and you please,
Little conjurer of keys,
From the masters, music-blessed,
Playing what I love the best.

Something sweet of Schumann's make,
Something sad for Chopin's sake;

Then a waltz with gayer graces
Born of Liszt and pleasant places.

Next, to sway my dreaming soul,
Play a Schubert barcarole;
And, to wake me from the trance,
Just a tricksy Spanish dance.

Now a fugue of Bach's, a song
Weaving thoughts of right and wrong;
And a thing of airy tone
That belongs to Mendelssohn.

A sonata-strain whose grief
Gave Beethoven's heart relief;
Last a melody divine
From the soul of Rubinstein.

Playing thus, the warp of life,
Dark of hue and sorrow-rife,
Shall be gladdened fold on fold
With a woof of sunny gold,
Woven from your melodies,
Little conjurer of keys.

Richard Burton.

THE KEYBOARD

Five and thirty black slaves,
  Half a hundred white,
All their duty but to sing
  For their Queen's delight,
Now with throats of thunder,
  Now with dulcet lips,
While she rules them royally
  With her finger-tips!

When she quits her palace
  All the slaves are dumb —
Dumb with dolor till the Queen
  Back to Court is come:
Dumb the throats of thunder.
  Dumb the dulcet lips,
Lacking all the sovereignty
  Of her finger-tips!

Dusky slaves and pallid,
  Ebon slaves and white,
When the Queen was on her throne
  How you sang to-night!
Ah, the throats of thunder!
  Ah, the dulcet lips!

Ah, the gracious tyrannies
Of her finger-tips!

Silent, silent, silent,
All your voices now;
Was it then her life alone
Did your life endow?
Waken, throats of thunder!
Waken, dulcet lips!
Touched to immortality
By her finger-tips.

William Watson.

"WITH PIPE AND FLUTE"

(To E. G.)

With pipe and flute the rustic Pan
Of old made music sweet for man;
And wonder hushed the warbling bird,
And closer drew the calm-eyed herd,—
The rolling river slowlier ran.

Ah! would,—ah! would, a little span,
Some air of Arcady could fan
This age of ours, too seldom stirred
With pipe and flute!

Music

From painting by V. Hynais

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EPIPHANY BRANCH
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But now for gold we plot and plan
And from Beersheba unto Dan,
  Apollo's self might pass unheard,
  Or find the night-jar's note preferred;—
Not so it fared, when time began,
          With pipe and flute!

Austin Dobson.

THE PIPER

Piping down the valleys wild,
Piping songs of pleasant glee,
On a cloud I saw a child,
And he laughing said to me:—

"Pipe a song about a lamb":
  So I piped with merry cheer.
"Piper, pipe that song again":
  So I piped; he wept to hear.

"Drop thy pipe, thy happy pipe,
  Sing thy songs of happy cheer":
  So I sung the same again,
  While he wept with joy to hear.

"Piper, sit thee down and write
  In a book that all may read—"

So he vanished from my sight;
And I plucked a hollow reed,

And I made a rural pen,
And I stained the water clear,
And I wrote my happy songs
Every child may joy to hear.

William Blake.

A MUSIC LESSON

Fingers on the holes, Johnny,
  Fairly in a raw:
Lift this and then that,
  And blaw, blaw, blaw!
That's hoo to play, Johnny,
  On the pipes sae shrill:
Never was the piper yet
  But needit a' his skill.

And lang and sair he tried it, tae,
  Afore he wan the knack
O' making bag and pipe gie
  His verra yearnin's back.
The echo tae his heart-strings
  Frae sic a thing to come;

Oh, is it no a wonder —
  Like a voice frae out the dumb?

Tak' tentie, noo, my Johnny lad,
  Ye maunna hurry thro',
Tak' time and try it ower again —
  Sic a blast ye blew!
It's no alane by blawing strang,
  But eke by blawing true,
That ye can mak' the music
  To thrill folk thro' and thro'.

The waik folk and the learnin',
  Tis' them that mak's the din;
But for the finish'd pipers
  They count it as a sin:
And maybe it's the verra same
  A' the warld thro',
The learners are the verra ones
  That mak' the most ado!

Ye ken the Southrons taunt us —
  I sayna they're unfair —
Aboot oor squallin' music,
  And their taunts hae hurt me sair;
But if they'd heard a piper true
  At nicht come ower the hill,

Playin' up a pibroch
  Upon the wind sae still:

Risin' noo, and fallin' noo,
  And floatin' on the air,
The sounds come saftly on ye
  A'maist ere ye're aware,
And wind themsels aboot the heart,
  That hasna yet forgot
The witchery o' love and joy
  Within some lanely spot:

I'm sure they wadna taunt us sae,
  Nor say the bagpipe's wild,
Nor speak o' screechin' noises
  Eneuch to deave a child:
They would say the bagpipe only
  Is the voice of hill and glen;
And would listen to it sorrowing,
  Within the haunts of men.

Fingers on the holes, Johnny,
  Fairly in a raw:
Lift this and then that,
  And blaw, blaw, blaw!
That's hoo to play, Johnny,
  On the pipes sae shrill:

Never was the piper yet
But needit a' his skill.

Alexander H. Japp.

ON HEARING A LITTLE MUSICAL BOX

Dilettevol' suoni
Faceano intorno l' aria tintinnire
D' armonia dolce, e di concenti buoni.
— ARIOSTO.

Hallo! — what? — where, what can it be
That strikes up so deliciously?
I never in my life — what, no!
That little tin-box playing so?
It really seemed as if a sprite
Had struck among us, swift and light,
And come from some minuter star
To treat us with his pearl guitar.

Hark! it scarcely ends the strain,
But it gives it o'er again,
Lovely thing! — and runs along,
Just as if it knew the song,
Touching out, smooth, clear and small,
Harmony, and shake, and all,
Now upon the treble lingering,
Dancing now as if 'twere fingering,

And at last upon the close
Coming with serene repose.

O full of sweetness, crispness, ease,
Compound of lovely smallnesses,
Accomplished trifle, — tell us what
To call thee, and disgrace thee not.
Worlds of fancies come about us,
Thrill within and glance without us.
Now we think that there must be
In thee some humanity,
Such a taste composed and fine
Smiles along that touch of thine.

Now we call thee heavenly rain,
For thy fresh, continued strain;
Now a hail, that on the ground
Splits into light leaps of sound;
Now the concert, neat and nice,
Of a pigmy paradise;
Sprinkles then from singing fountains;
Fairies heard on tops of mountains;
Nightingales endued with art,
Caught in listening to Mozart:
Stars that make a distant tinkling,
While their happy eyes are twinkling;

An Improvised Orchestra

From Painting by M. Peyrolle

EPIPHANY BRANCH
228 EAST 23rd STREET
CIRCULATING DEPARTMENT.

Sounds for scattered rills to flow to;
Music for the flowers to blow to.

Leigh Hunt.

SONGS WITHOUT WORDS

I cannot sing the old songs,
Though well I know the tune,
Familiar as a cradle-song
With sleep-compelling croon;
Yet though I'm filled with music
As choirs of summer birds,
"I cannot sing the old songs"—
I do not know the words.

I start on "Hail Columbia,"
And get to "heav'n-born band,"
And there I strike an upward grade
With neither steam nor sand;
"Star Spangled Banner" downs me
Right in my wildest screaming,
I start all right, but dumbly come
To voiceless wreck at "streaming."

So, when I sing the old songs,
Don't murmur or complain

If "Ti, diddy ah da, tum dum,"
Should fill the sweetest strain.
I love "Tolly um dum di do,"
And the "trilla-la yeep da" birds,
But "I cannot sing the old songs,"—
I do not know the words.

Robert J. Burdette.

THE OVERTURE

(From "Ormuzd and Ahriman")

Had I, instead of unsonorous words,
The skill that moves in rapturous melodies,
And modulations of entrancing chords
Through mystic mazes of all harmonies —
The bounding pulses of an overture
Whose grand orchestral movement might allure
The listener's soul through chaos and through night,
And seeming dissonance to concord and to light —
I might allow some harsh Titanic strains
To wrestle with Apollo and with Jove;

And let the war-cries on barbaric plains
  Clash through the chords of wisdom and of love.
For still the harmonies should sing and soar
Above the discord and the battle's roar;
E'en as the evolving art and course of time,
  Amid the wrecks in wild confusion hurled,
Move with impartial rhythm and cosmic rhyme
  Along the eternal order of the world.
Then would I bid my lyric band express
In music the old earth's long toil and stress:
How the dumb iron centuries have foretold
The coming of the future age of gold:
How, ere the morning stars together sang,
Divine completeness out of chaos sprang
Through shapeless germs of lower forms that climb
By slow vast æons of a dateless time:
Till, through the impulse of the primal plan,
They reach their flowering in the soul of man.

Christopher P. Cranch.

THE ORCHESTRA

(From "The Festival of Peace")

Now shall the organ be roused to its utmost
passion of power;
All the winds of the sky shall grant it their
opulent dower!
Other instruments, too, shall join in the sym-
phony's maze: —
Flutes with melodious warble learned amid
bird-haunted ways;
Sylvan clarinets, the hautboy beloved of the
swain;
Passionate violins with hearts keyed to joy
and to pain;
Soulful violas with voices for pathos and
yearning desire;
'ellos with generous thoughts as of noble
young men that aspire;
Horns whose mellow, deep call sets the hunts-
man's blood all afire;
Trumpets that ring for strife and animate
languishing hearts;
Drums and cymbals and harps — all fill their
eloquent parts.

Nathan Haskell Dole.

FROM "SONG OF MYSELF"

I hear the violoncello, ('tis the young man's heart's complaint,)
I hear the key'd cornet, it glides quickly in through my ears,
It shakes mad-sweet pangs through my belly and breast.

I hear the chorus, it is a grand opera,
Ah, this indeed is music — this suits me.

A tenor large and fresh as the creation fills me,
The orbic flex of his mouth is pouring and filling me full.

I hear the train'd soprano (what work with hers is this?)
The orchestra whirls me wider than Uranus flies,
It wrenches such ardors from me I did not know I possess'd them,
It sails me, I dab with bare feet, they are lick'd by the indolent waves,
I am cut by bitter and angry hail, I lose my breath,

Steep'd amid honey'd morphine, my windpipe
throttled in fakes of death,
At length let up again to feel the puzzle of
puzzles,
And that we call Being.

Walt Whitman.

THE PIPE-PLAYER

Cool, and palm-shaded from the torrid heat,
The young brown tenor puts his singing by,
And sets the twin pipe to his lips to try
Some air of bulrush-glooms where lovers
meet;
O swart musician, time and fame are fleet,
Brief all delight, and youth's feet fain to fly!
Pipe on in peace! To-morrow must we die?
What matter, if our life to-day be sweet!
Soon, soon, the silver paper-reeds that sigh
Along the Sacred River will repeat
The echo of the dark-stoled bearers' feet,
Who carry you, with wailing, where must lie
Your swathed and withered body, by and by,
In perfumed darkness with the grains of
wheat.

Edmund Gosse.

BUGLE SONG

The splendor falls on castle walls
And snowy summits old in story;
The long light shakes across the lakes,
And the wild cataract leaps in glory.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flyin
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dyin
dying.

O hark! O hear! how thin and clear,
And thinner, clearer, farther going!
O sweet and far from cliff and scar
The horns of Elfland faintly blowing!
Blow, let us hear the purple glens replying:
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dyin
dying.

O love, they die in yon rich sky,
They faint on hill or field or river
Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow forever and forever.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flyin
And answer, echoes, answer, dying, dyin
dying.

Alfred Tennyson.

MY OLD GUITAR

By some eastern river thy rosewood grew,
  Thy inlaid pearl in the restless sea;
What craftsman moulded thy bosom fair,
  Sounding with dreamy melody?

What maiden's fingers have swept thy strings,
  In the distant vistas of long ago?
What love-lorn gallant has sung his lay
  To thy tuneful cadence sweet and low?

What odors of romance round thee cling,
  As each chord swells in thy bosom deep?
Whispering long-forgotten loves,
  Thrilling the soul to rest and sleep.

Oh, Muse, who dwells in the hollow shrine
  Of my old guitar with its tales of yore,
Grant me the power to wake thy strains
  In music sweeter than e'er before.

F. G. Hinsdale.

THE BUGLE

O! wild, enchanting horn!
Whose music up the deep and dewy air
Swells to the clouds, and calls on Echo there,
'Till a new melody is born!

Wake, wake again; the night
Is bending from her throne of beauty down,
With still stars beaming on her azure crown,
Intense, and eloquently bright.

Night, at its pulseless noon!
When the far voice of waters mourns in song,
And some tired watch-dog lazily and long
Barks at the melancholy moon.

Hark! how it sweeps away,
Soaring and dying on the silent sky,
As if some sprite of sound went wandering by,
With lone halloo and roundelay!

Swell, swell in glory out!
Thy tones come pouring on my leaping heart,
And my stirr'd spirit hears thee with a start
As boyhood's old remember'd shout.

O! have ye heard that peal,
From sleeping city's moon-bathed battlements,
Or from the guarded field and warrior tents,
Like some near breath around you steal?

Or have ye, in the roar
Of sea, or storm, or battle, heard it rise,
Shriller than eagle's clamor, to the skies,
Where wings and tempests never soar?

Go, go — no other sound,
No music that of air or earth is born,
Can match the mighty music of that horn,
On midnight's fathomless profound!

Grenville Mellen.

THE FLUTE

Puffed up with luring to her knees
The rabbits from the blackberries,
Quaint little satyrs, and shy and mute,
That limped reluctant to the flute,
She needs must seek the forest's womb
And pipe up tigers from green gloom.

Grouped round the dreaming oaten quill
Those sumptuous savages were still,

Rich spectral beasts that feared to stir,
And haughty and wistful gazed on her,
And swayed their sleepy masks in time
And growled a drowsy under-rhyme.

Tune done, that agile fancy stopped;
The lingering notes in mid-air dropped;
The flute stole from her parted kiss,
Her cheeks for sorcery burned with bliss.
Then grew a deadly muttering there;
And sudden yellow eyes aglare
Blazed furious over wrinkled lips
And teeth on her. Her finger-tips
Trembled a little as they woke
The second tune beneath the oak,
A lilt that charmed and lulled to mute
The uneasy soul within the brute.

And all that warbling ecstasy
Was winged with terror, and daintily
Ceased on the wild and tragic face
And desperate huddle of her grace:
For with the hush began to gride
Their sullen, soulless, evil-eyed,
Intolerable rage, blown hot
Upon her. The third tune was caught
With trouble from unuttered air:
And still as autumn they sat there.

The breathless seventh tune died out
Like withered laughter: all about
The frantic silence ran a race:
She stirred, she moaned, she crawled a space.
There leaped a vast and thunderous roar:
A huge heart-shaking tumult tore
About the oak. Filing away,
They trod the stained flute where it lay.

Joseph Russell Taylor.

ON A LUTE FOUND IN A SARCOPHAGUS

What curled and scented sun-girls, almond-eyed,
With lotos-blossoms in their hands and hair,
Have made their swarthy lovers call them fair,
With these spent strings, when brutes were deified,
And Memnon in the sunrise sprang and cried,
And love-winds smote Bubastis, and the bare
Black breasts of carven Pasht received the prayer
Of suppliants bearing gifts from far and wide!
This lute has out-sung Egypt; all the lives
Of violent passion, and the vast calm art

That lasts in granite only, all lie dead;
This little bird of song alone survives,
As fresh as when its fluting smote the heart
Last time the brown slave wore it garlanded.

Edmund Gosse.

THE MUSICAL DUEL

(From "The Lover's Melancholy")

Menaphon. Passing from Italy to Greece, the tales
Which poets of an elder time have feigned
To glorify their Tempe, bred in me
Desire of visiting that paradise.
To Thessaly I came; and, living private,
Without acquaintance of more sweet companions
Than the old inmates to my love, my thoughts,
I day by day frequented silent groves
And solitary walks. One morning early
This accident encountered me: I heard
The sweetest and most ravishing contention
That art and nature ever were at strife in.

Amethus. I cannot yet conceive what you infer
By art and nature.

Men. I shall soon resolve you.
A sound of music touched mine ears, or rather,
Indeed, entranced my soul. As I stole nearer,
Invited by the melancholy, I saw
This youth, this fair-faced youth, upon his lute,
With strains of strange variety and harmony,
Proclaiming, as it seemed, so bold a challenge
To the clear choristers of the woods, the birds,
That, as they flocked about him, all stood silent,
Wondering at what they heard. I wondered too.
Am. And so do I; good! — On!
Men. A nightingale,
Nature's best-skilled musician, undertakes
The challenge, and, for every several strain
The well-shaped youth could touch, she sang her own;
He could not run division with more art
Upon his quaking instrument than she,
The nightingale, did with her various notes
Reply to; for a voice, and for a sound,
Amethus, 'tis much easier to believe
That such they were than hope to hear again.
Am. How did the rivals part?
Men. You term them rightly;

Dilettante Quartette

EPIPHANY BRANCH
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CIRCULATING DEPARTMENT.

For they were rivals, and their mistress, Harmony. —
Some time thus spent, the young man grew at last
Into a pretty anger, that a bird
Whom art had never taught clefs, moods, or notes,
Should vie with him for mastery, whose study
Had busied many hours to perfect practice:
To end the controversy, in a rapture
Upon his instrument he plays so swiftly,
So many voluntaries, and so quick,
That there was curiosity and cunning,
Concord in discord, lines of differing method
Meeting in one full centre of delight.
Am. Now for the bird.
Men. The bird, ordained to be
Music's first martyr, strove to imitate
These several sounds; which, when her warbling throat
Failed in, for grief, down dropped she on his lute,
And broke her heart! It was the quaintest sadness
To see the conqueror upon her hearse
To weep a funeral elegy of tears;
That, trust me, my Amethus, I could chide

Mine own unmanly weakness, that made me
A fellow-mourner with him.
Am. I believe thee.
Men. He looked upon the trophies of his art,
Then sighed, then wiped his eyes, then sighed, and cried,
"Alas, poor creature! I will soon revenge
This cruelty upon the author of it;
Henceforth this lute, guilty of innocent blood,
Shall nevermore betray a harmless peace
To an untimely end;" and in that sorrow,
As he was pashing it against a tree,
I suddenly stepped in.

John Ford.

TO HIS LUTE

My lute, be as thou wert when thou didst grow
With thy green mother in some shady grove,
When immelodious winds but made thee move,
And birds on thee their ramage did bestow.

Since that dear Voice which did thy sounds approve,
Which used in such harmonious strains to flow,

Is reft from Earth to tune those spheres above,
What art thou but a harbinger of woe?

Thy pleasing notes be pleasing notes no more,
But orphan wailings to the fainting ear;
Each stop a sigh, each sound draws forth a tear;
Be therefore silent as in woods before:

Or if that any hand to touch thee deign,
Like widow'd turtle, still her loss complain.

William Drummond.

HARP OF THE NORTH

(From "The Lady of the Lake")

Harp of the North! that mouldering long hast hung
On the witch-elm that shades St. Fillan's spring,
And down the fitful breeze thy numbers flung,
Till envious ivy did around thee cling,
Muffling with verdant ringlet every string,—
O Minstrel Harp, still must thine accents sleep?

Mid rustling leaves and fountains murmuring,
Still must thy sweeter sounds their silence keep,
Nor bid a warrior smile, nor teach a maid to weep?

Not thus, in ancient days of Caledon,
Was thy voice mute amid the festal crowd,
When lay of hopeless love, or glory won,
Aroused the fearful or subdued the proud.
At each according pause was heard aloud
Thine ardent symphony sublime and high!
Fair dames and crested chiefs attention bowed;
For still the burden of thy minstrelsy
Was Knighthood's dauntless deed, and Beauty's matchless eye.

O, wake once more! how rude soe'er the hand
That ventures o'er thy magic maze to stray;
O, wake once more! though scarce my skill command
Some feeble echoing of thine earlier lay:
Though harsh and faint, and soon to die away,
And all unworthy of thy nobler strain,
Yet if one heart throb higher at its sway,

The wizard note has not been touched in vain.
Then silent be no more! Enchantress, wake again!

Sir Walter Scott.

"HUSHED IS THE LYRE — THE HAND THAT SWEPT"

(A Fragment)

Hushed is the lyre — the hand that swept
The low and pensive wires,
Robb'd of its cunning, from the task retires.

Yes — it is still — the lyre is still;
The spirit which its slumbers broke
Hath pass'd away, — and that weak hand that woke
Its forest melodies hath lost its skill.

Henry Kirke White.

A MUSICAL INSTRUMENT

What was he doing, the great god Pan,
Down in the reeds by the river?

Spreading ruin and scattering ban,
Splashing and paddling with hoofs of a goat,
And breaking the golden lilies afloat
With the dragon-fly on the river?

He tore out a reed, the great god Pan,
From the deep cool bed of the river:
The limpid water turbidly ran,
And the broken lilies a-dying lay,
And the dragon-fly had fled away,
Ere he brought it out of the river.

High on the shore sat the great god Pan,
While turbidly flowed the river,
And hacked and hewed as a great god can
With his hard bleak steel at the patient reed,
Till there was not a sign of the leaf indeed
To prove it fresh from the river.

He cut it short, did the great god Pan,
(How tall it stood in the river!)
Then drew the pith, like the heart of a man,
Steadily from the outside ring,
And notched the poor dry empty thing
In holes, as he sat by the river.

"This is the way," laughed the great god Pan,
(Laughed while he sat by the river!)
"The only way, since gods began
To make sweet music, they could succeed,"
Then dropping his mouth to a hole in the reed,
He blew in power by the river.

Sweet, sweet, sweet, O Pan,
Piercing sweet by the river!
Blinding sweet, O great god Pan!
The sun on the hill forgot to die,
And the lilies revived, and the dragon-fly
Came back to dream on the river.

Yet half a beast is the great god Pan
To laugh, as he sits by the river,
Making a poet out of a man.
The true gods sigh for the cost and pain—
For the reed which grows nevermore again
As a reed with the reeds in the river.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

TO A FLUTE-PLAYER

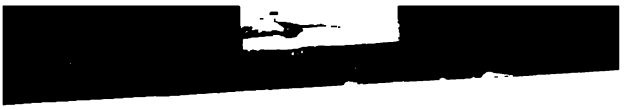
Down through the shadow-years has come a word
Or two of Lamia, who, with her flute,

Lulled Care to sleep, bade Grief and Strife
be mute,
And calmed the heart by Pain and Passion
stirred;
Men called her Dryad, Zephyr, Sylvan Bird,
She led them by such pleasant, tranquil
route,
O'erhung with blossom-bough and trellised
fruit,
To haunts where naught but dreamland
sounds are heard.
To-day, you play — along that path of bliss,
Dream-sandalled, I am wooed afar, afar
To where your strains are echoed in a star
That slowly sinks beyond a crimson
crest —
Play on — my soul knows nothing else but
this:
The calm, the perfect calm of raptured
rest.

Clarence Urmy.

ON SIVORI'S VIOLIN

A dryad's home was once the tree
From which they carved this wondrous toy,



Sappho

From Painting by W. Amberg

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Who chanted lays of love and glee,
Till every leaflet thrilled with joy.

But when the tempest laid it low,
The exiled fay flew to and fro;
Till finding here her home once more,
She warbles wildly as before!

Frances Sargent Osgood.

THE VIOLIN'S COMPLAINT

Honest Stradivari made me:
With the gift of love he blest me;
Once, delight, a master played me,
Love awoke when he caressed me!

Oh the deep, ecstatic burning!
Oh the secrets low and tender!
Oh the passion and the yearning
At our love's complete surrender!

Heartless men, so long to hide me
With the costly toys you cherish;
I'm a soul — again confide me
To a lover, ere I perish!

William Roscoe Thayer.

ON ÆOLUS'S HARP

Ethereal race, inhabitants of air,
  Who hymn your God amid the secret grove;
Ye unseen beings, to my harp repair,
  And raise majestic strains, or melt in love.

Those tender notes, how kindly they upbraid,
  With what soft woe they thrill the lover's heart!
Sure from the hand of some unhappy maid,
  Who died of love, these sweet complainings part.

But hark! that strain was of a graver tone,
  On the deep strings his hand some hermit throws;
Or he, the sacred Bard,[1] who sat alone
  In the drear waste, and wept his people's woes.

Such was the song which Zion's children sung,
  When by Euphrates' stream they made their plaint;

[1] Jeremiah.

And to such sadly solemn notes are strung
  Angelic harps, to soothe a dying saint.

Methinks I hear the full celestial choir,
  Through heaven's high dome their awful anthem raise;
Now chanting clear, and now they all conspire
  To swell the lofty hymn, from praise to praise.

Let me, ye wandering spirits of the wind,
  Who, as wild fancy prompts you, touch the string;
Smit with your theme, be in your chorus join'd,
  For till you cease, my Muse forgets to sing.

James Thomson.

THE OLD VIOLIN

Though tuneless, stringless, it lies there in dust,
  Like some great thought on a forgotten page;

The soul of music cannot fade or rust, —
The voice within it stronger grows with age;
Its strings and bow are only trifling things —
A master-touch! — its sweet soul wakes and sings.

Maurice Francis Egan.

THE CELLO

When late I heard the trembling cello play,
In every face I read sad memories
That from dark, secret chambers where they lay
Rose, and looked forth from melancholy eyes.
So every mournful thought found there a tone
To match despondence; sorrow knew its mate;
Ill fortune sighed, and mute despair made moan;
And one deep chord gave answer, "Late, — too late."
Then ceased the quivering strain, and swift returned
Into its depths the secret of each heart;

EPIPHANY BRANCH
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CIRCULATING DEPARTMENT

Each face took on its mask, where lately burned
A spirit charmed to sight by music's art;
But unto one who caught that inner flame
No face of all can ever seem the same.

Richard Watson Gilder.

HE'D NOTHING BUT HIS VIOLIN

He'd nothing but his violin,
I'd nothing but my song,
But we were wed when skies were blue
And summer days were long;
And when we rested by the hedge,
The robins came and told
How they had dared to woo and win,
When early Spring was cold.

We sometimes supped on dewberries
Or slept among the hay,
But oft the farmers' wives at eve
Came out to hear us play;
The rare old songs, the dear old tunes, —
We could not starve for long
While my man had his violin,
And I my sweet love-song.

Mary Kyle Dallas.

THE ÆOLIAN HARP

O take that airy harp from out the gale,
Its troubles call from such a distant bourne,
Now that the wind has wooed it to its tale
Of bygone bliss, that never can return;
Hark! with what dreamy sadness it is swelling!
How sweet it falls, unwinding from the breeze!
Disordered music, deep and tear-compelling,
Like siren-voices pealing o'er the seas.
Nay, take it not, for now my tears are stealing,
But when it brake upon my mirthful hour,
And spake to joy of sorrow past the healing,
I shrank beneath the soft subduing power;
Nay, take it not; replace it by my bower —
The soul can thrill with no diviner feeling.

Charles Tennyson Turner.

A CHOPIN PRELUDE

A certain Chopin prelude once I heard.
Strive as I may to tell, no mortal word
Can all-express that music. Like a bird

My soul went up the blue — the sweetest pain,
The deepest passion, love without a stain,
A high and holy yearning that had lain
Buried, did come in a white company,
In tremulous procession, unto me.
For an immortal moment I was free
O' the flesh, and leaped in spirit and was strong
With beauty, shaken by magic of that song.

Richard Burton.

THE VIOLIN

Before the listening world behold him stand;
The warm air trembles with his passionate play;
Their cheers shower round him like the ocean spray
Round one who waits upon the stormy strand.
Their smiles, sighs, tears, all are at his command;
And now they hear the trump of judgment day,
And now one silver note to heaven doth stray
And fluttering fall upon the golden sand.

But like the murmur of the distant sea
  Their loud applause, and far-off, faint, and weak
  Sounds his own music to him, wild and free —
Far from the soul of music that doth speak
  In wordless wail and lyric ecstasy
  From that good viol pressed against his cheek.

Richard Watson Gilder.

A VIOLINIST

The lark above our heads doth know
A heaven we see not here below;
She sees it, and for joy she sings;
Then falls with ineffectual wings.

Ah! soaring soul! faint not nor tire!
Each heaven attained reveals a higher.
Thy thought is of thy failure; we
List raptured, and thank God for thee.

Francis William Bourdillon.

SCHUMANN'S SONATA IN A MINOR

(Mit Leidenschaftlichem Ausdruck)

The quiet room, the flowers, the perfumed calm,
The slender crystal vase, where all aflame
The scarlet poppies stand erect and tall,
Color that burns as if no frost could tame.
The shaded lamplight glowing over all,
The summer night a dream of warmth and balm.

Out breaks at once the golden melody,
"With passionate expression!" Ah, from whence
Comes the enchantment of this potent spell,
This charm that takes us captive, soul and sense?
The sacred power of music, who shall tell,
Who find the secret of its mastery?

Lo, in the keen vibration of the air
Pierced by the sweetness of the violin,
Shaken by thrilling chords and searching notes

That flood the ivory keys, the flowers begin
To tremble; 'tis as if some spirit floats
And breathes upon their beauty unaware.

The stately poppies, proud in stillness, stand
In silken splendor of superb attire:
Stricken with arrows of melodious sound,
Their loosened petals fall like flakes of fire;
With waves of music overwhelmed and drowned,
Solemnly drop their flames on either hand.

So the rich moment dies, and what is left?
Only a memory sweet, to shut between
Some poem's silent leaves, to find again,
Perhaps, when winter blasts are howling keen,
And summer's loveliness is spoiled and slain,
And all the world of light and bloom bereft.

But winter cannot rob the music so!
Nor time nor fate its subtle power destroy
To bring again the summer's dear caress,
To wake the heart to youth's unreasoning joy,—

Sound, color, perfume, love, to warm and bless,
And airs of balm from Paradise that blow.

Celia Thaxter.

THE ÆOLIAN HARP

. . . . . .

And that simplest lute
Placed lengthways in the clasping casement, hark!
How by the desultory breeze caressed,
Like some coy maid half yielding to her lover,
It pours such sweet upbraiding, as must needs
Tempt to repeat the wrong! And now, its strings
Boldlier swept, the long sequacious notes
Over delicious surges sink and rise;
Such a soft floating witchery of sound
As twilight Elfins make, when they at eve
Voyage on gentle gales from Fairy-land,
Where Melodies round honey-dropping flowers,
Footless and wild, like birds of Paradise,
Nor pause, nor perch, hovering on untamed wing!
O the one life within us and abroad,

Which meets all motion and becomes its soul,
A light in sound, a sound-like power in light,
Rhythm in all thought, and joyance everywhere —
Methinks, it should have been impossible
Not to love all things in a world so filled;
Where the breeze warbles, and the mute still air
Is Music slumbering on her instrument.

Samuel Taylor Coleridge.

SYMPHONIC STUDIES

(After Robert Schumann)

PRELUDE

Blue storm-clouds in hot heavens of mid-July
Hung heavy, brooding over land and sea:
Our hearts, a-tremble, throbbed in harmony
With the wild, restless tone of air and sky.
Shall we not call him Prospero who held
In his enchanted hands the fateful key
Of that tempestuous hour's mystery,
And with controlling wand our spirits spelled,
With him to wander by a sun-bright shore,

To hear fine, fairy voices, and to fly
With disembodied Ariel once more
Above earth's wrack and ruin? Far and nigh
The laughter of the thunder echoed loud,
And harmless lightnings leapt from cloud to cloud.

EPILOGUE

Forth in the sunlit, rain-bathed air we stepped,
Sweet with the dripping grass and flowering vine,
And saw through irised clouds the pale sun shine.
Back o'er the hills the rain-mist slowly crept
Like a transparent curtain's silvery sheen;
And fronting us the painted bow was arched,
Whereunder the majestic cloud-shapes marched:
In the wet, yellow light the dazzling green
Of lawn and bush and tree seemed stained with blue.
Our hearts o'erflowed with peace. With smiles we spake
Of partings in the past, of courage new,

Of high achievement, of the dreams that make
A wonder and a glory of our days,
And all life's music but a hymn of praise.

Emma Lazarus.

THE VIOLIN

The Heart's Own Voice, sweet viol, by thy name,
Whose throbbing chords are tuned to every tone
Of passion's scale to human bosom known.
Dost thou discourse of love? The lover's frame
Responsive trembles and reveals the flame.
Is grief thy theme? What sympathy is shown
On every face! Mayhap there bursts a moan.
Thy gentle chiding wakens conscious blame.
Spontaneous pleasure leads the nimble dance
Where'er thy wizard wand a challenge flings,
'Neath stately roof or greenwood tree perchance.

And when repentance wavers o'er the strings
Their pleading prayers the contrite heart entrance,
And waft it heavenward as on angel wings.
Warren Holden.

STRADIVARIUS

Your soul was lifted by the wings to-day
Hearing the master of the violin:
You praised him, praised the great Sebastian too
Who made that fine Chaconne; but did you think
Of old Antonio Stradivari? — him
Who a good century and half ago
Put his true work in that brown instrument
And by the nice adjustment of its frame
Gave it responsive life, continuous
With the master's finger-tips and perfected
Like them by delicate rectitude of use.
Not Bach alone, helped by fine precedent
Of genius gone before, nor Joachim
Who holds the strain afresh incorporate
By inward hearing and notation strict
Of nerve and muscle, made our joy to-day:
Another soul was living in the air

And swaying it to true deliverance
Of high invention and responsive skill:
That plain white-aproned man who stood at work
Patient and accurate full fourscore years,
Cherished his sight and touch by temperance,
And since keen sense is love of perfectness
Made perfect violins, the needed paths
For inspiration and high mastery.

. . . . . .

Naldo, a painter of eclectic school,
Taking his dicers, candle-light, and grins
From Caravaggio, and in holier groups
Combining Flemish flesh with martyrdom —
Knowing all tricks of style at thirty-one,
And weary of them, while Antonio
At sixty-nine wrought placidly his best,
Making the violin you heard to-day —
Naldo would tease him oft to tell his aims.

. . . . . .

Then Naldo: "'Tis a petty kind of fame
At best, that comes of making violins;
And saves no masses, either. Thou wilt go
To purgatory none the less."

But he:
"'Twere purgatory here to make them ill;

And for my fame — when any master holds
'Twixt chin and hand a violin of mine,
He will be glad that Stradivari lived,
Made violins and made them of the best.
The masters only know whose work is good:
They will choose mine, and while God gives them skill
I give them instruments to play upon,
God choosing me to help Him."
"What! were God
At fault for violins, thou absent?"
"Yes;
He were at fault for Stradivari's work."
"Why, many hold Giuseppe's violins
As good as thine."
"Maybe: they are different.
His quality declines: he spoils his hand
With overdrinking. But were his the best,
He could not work for two. My work is mine,
And, heresy or not, if my hand slacked
I should rob God — since He is fullest good —
Leaving a blank instead of violins.
I say, not God Himself can make man's best
Without best men to help Him. I am one best
Here in Cremona, using sunlight well

To fashion finest maple till it serves
More cunningly than throats, for harmony.
'Tis rare delight: I would not change my skill
To be the Emperor with bungling hands,
And lose my work, which comes as natural
As self at waking."
"Thou art little more
Than a deft potter's wheel, Antonio;
Turning out work by mere necessity
And lack of varied function.
. . . . . .
Steady work
Turns genius to a loom; the soul must lie
Like grapes beneath the sun till ripeness comes
And mellow vintage. I could paint you now
The finest Crucifixion; yesternight
Returning home I saw it on a sky
Blue-black, thick-starred. I want two louis d'ors
To buy the canvas and the costly blues —
Trust me a fortnight."
"Where are those last two
I lent thee for thy Judith? — her thou saw'st
In saffron gown, with Holofernes' head
And beauty all complete?"

A Duet

From Painting by N. Sichel

CIRCULATING DEPARTMENT.

"She is but sketched:
I lack the proper model — and the mood.
A great idea is an eagle's egg,
Craves time for hatching; while the eagle sits,
Feed her."
"If thou wilt call thy pictures eggs
I call the hatching, Work. 'Tis God gives skill,
But not without men's hands: He could not make
Antonio Stradivari's violins
Without Antonio. Get thee to thy easel."

George Eliot.

ABT VOGLER

(After he has been extemporizing upon the musical instrument of his invention)

Would that the structure brave, the manifold music I build,
Bidding my organ obey, calling its keys to their work,
Claiming each slave of the sound, at a touch, as when Solomon willed
Armies of angels that soar, legions of demons that lurk,

Man, brute, reptile, fly, — alien of end and of aim,
Adverse, each from the other heaven-high, hell-deep removed, —
Should rush into sight at once as he named the ineffable Name,
And pile him a palace straight, to pleasure the princess he loved!

Would it might tarry like his, the beautiful building of mine,
This which my keys in a crowd pressed and importuned to raise!
Ah, one and all, how they helped, would dispart now and now combine,
Zealous to hasten the work, heighten their master his praise!
And one would bury his brow with a blind plunge down to hell,
Burrow awhile and build, broad on the roots of things,
Then up again swim into sight, having based me my palace well,
Founded it, fearless of flame, flat on the nether springs.

. . . . . .

All through my keys that gave their sounds
to a wish of my soul,
All through my soul that praised as its wish
flowed visibly forth,
All through Music and Me! For think, had I
painted the whole,
Why, there it had stood, to see, nor the
process so wonder-worth:
Had I written the same, made verse — still,
effect proceeds from cause,
Ye know why the forms are fair, ye hear
how the tale is told;
It is all triumphant art, but art in obedience
to laws,
Painter and poet are proud in the artist-list
enrolled: —

But here is the finger of God, a flash of the
will that can,
Existent behind all laws, that made them
and, lo, they are!
And I know not if, save in this, such gift be
allowed to man,
That out of three sounds he frame, not a
fourth sound, but a star.
Consider it well: each tone of our scale in
itself is naught:

It is everywhere in the world — loud, soft, and all is said:
Give it to me to use! I mix it with two in my thought:
And there! Ye have heard and seen: consider and bow the head!

. . . . . .

All we have willed or hoped or dreamed of good shall exist;
Not its semblance, but itself; no beauty, nor good, nor power
Whose voice has gone forth, but each survives for the melodist
When eternity affirms the conception of an hour.
The high that proved too high, the heroic for earth too hard,
The passion that left the ground to lose itself in the sky,
Are music sent up to God by the lover and the bard;
Enough that He heard it once: we shall hear it by and by.

. . . . . .

Well, it is earth with me; silence resumes her reign:
I will be patient and proud, and soberly acquiesce.
Give me the keys. I feel for the common chord again,
Sliding by semitones till I sink to the minor, — yes,
And I blunt it into a ninth, and I stand on alien ground,
Surveying awhile the heights I rolled from into the deep;
Which, hark, I have dared and done, for my resting-place is found,
The C Major of this life: so, now I will try to sleep.

Robert Browning.

TO NANNETTE FALK-AUERBACH[1]

Oft as I hear thee, wrapt in heavenly art,
The massive message of Beethoven tell
With thy ten fingers to the people's heart
As if ten tongues told news of heaven and hell, —

[1] From "Poems of Sidney Lanier," copyright, 1884, 1891, by Mary D. Lanier; published by Charles Scribner's Sons.

Gazing on thee, I mark that not alone,
Ah, not alone, thou sittest: there, by thee,
—Beethoven's self, dear living lord of tone,
Doth stand and smile upon thy mastery.
Full fain and fatherly his great eyes glow:
He says, "From Heaven, my child, I heard thee call
(For, where an artist plays, the sky is low):
Yea, since my lonesome life did lack love's all,
In death, God gives me thee: thus, quit of pain,
Daughter, Nannette! in thee I live again."

Sidney Lanier.

WHEN KREISLER PLAYS

I

When Kreisler plays, I hear a heart's mute cry
For understanding; and none draweth nigh.
The prayer of those who only ask for bread,
Yet for whose comfort stones are given instead;
The longings that e'en wingèd words defy;
The sobs so often under laughter lie;

Hopes sunrise born, that ere the sunset die —
Waken and stir and come forth from the dead,
When Kreisler plays.
And with the dreams but eyes of youth espy;
The ideals that we banished years gone by;
That which was thought, but never has been said;
That which was writ, but never has been read —
Fling wide their wings and reach Faith's silver sky,
When Kreisler plays!

II

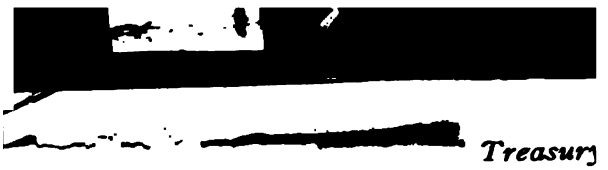
When Kreisler plays, with singing heart I go
Into that land where falls nor hail nor snow;
Where every one is happy — and no pain
Tears hearts that cry for ease, yet cry in vain.
But sweet as lilied Arno's drowsy flow,
The lilt of April poplar leaves a-blow;
And lovely with that light but dream may know,
Its greening fields of wind-kissed April grain,
When Kreisler plays.
Above me hemlock boughs are whispering low
The lore Pan taught them centuries ago;

And apple orchards blanch to flower again,
Their petals jewelled with spent April rain;
Yea, Spring herself comes dancing down his bow,
When Kreisler plays!

III

When Kreisler plays, Creation's awesome hymn
Sweeps o'er my heart-strings, and my eyes grow dim.
And as when one before Love's inmost shrine,
Breathing the fragrance of the blood-red wine
That fills her cup of sacring to its brim,
Looks up between the flame-winged cherubim,
Beholds — and pales — and in the interim
Hears Love call, so I hear her voice divine,
When Kreisler plays.
And, sweeter than the chant of seraphim,
Or song of stars that through the dawning swim,
Quivers the answer of this soul of mine,
As kneeling by the San Grael, eyes ashine,
I lay my lips against its golden rim,
When Kreisler plays!

Frances Bartlett.



Treasury

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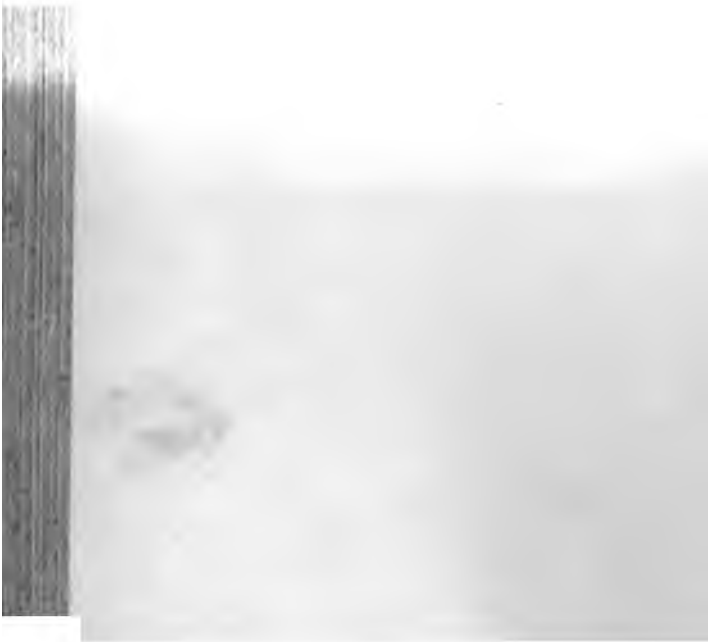
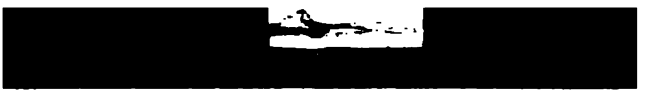
Beethoven and His Friends

From painting by A. Grisebi

28 EAST 23rd STREET
CIRCULATING DEPARTMENT.





ADELE AUS DER OHE

(Liszt)

I

What is her playing like?
'Tis like the wind in wintry northern valleys.
A dream-pause; — then it rallies
And once more bends the pine-tops, shatters
The ice-crags, whitely scatters
The spray along the paths of avalanches,
Startles the blood, and every visage blanches.

II

Half-sleeps the wind above a swirling pool
That holds the trembling shadow of the trees;
Where waves too wildly rush to freeze
Though all the air is cool;
And hear, oh hear, while musically call
With nearer tinkling sounds, or distant roar,
Voices of fall on fall;
And now a swelling blast, that dies; and now
— no more, no more.

(Chopin)

I

Ah, what celestial art!
And can sweet thoughts become pure tone and float,
All music, into the trancèd mind and heart!
Her hand scarce stirs the singing, wiry metal —
Hear from the wild-rose fall each perfect petal!

II

And can we have, on earth, of heaven the whole!
Heard thoughts — the soul of inexpressible thought;
Roses of sound
That strew melodious leaves upon the silent ground;
And music that is music's very soul,
Without one touch of earth, —
Too tender, even, for sorrow, and too bright for mirth!

Richard Watson Gilder.

APOSTROPHE TO JOHANN SEBASTIAN BACH

(Prestissimo)

Some who hear are rapt away
From the environment of clay,
  Borne on wings of rapture
From Earth's trifling toys,
  Ready to recapture
Something of Heaven's joys
  Which they long had lost
  At such bitter cost —
Borne beyond the evening star
Infinitely far
  To the pearly gates
  Where the Flame-guard waits
Each with his flashing scimitar!

Oh, the soul's attunèd ear
Songs of heavenly choirs may hear
Praise to God forth-pouring,
  Set to harps of gold
Struck by rapt adoring
  Angel hosts white-stoled,
While the crystalline

Harmonies divine
Of the far-revolving spheres,
Carrying golden years,
Swell like organ-notes,
And above all floats
Love's eternal hymn of joys and tears.

Master Bach, this was thy power!
  Before thine organ seated
Didst thou make music flower
Like radiant many-prismed blossoms
In sterile human bosoms!
  Oh, miracle repeated
A thousand times in thy dear life;
  When men defeated,
Undone by strife,
New courage gained,
  New hopes conceived;
When hearts sin-stained
  Once more believed
That purity might be attained!
When Love, heart-banisht
  Exile with broken wings,
Mourning her Eden vanisht
  Once more to Hope's hand clings!
And sees a beauteous vision
Of joy elysian,

Crowned with immortal rays,
And with an infinite yearning
Beholds the sweet returning
Of paradisal days!

Nathan Haskell Dole.

CHOPIN'S NOCTURNE IN G MINOR

Faint through the twilight hazes
Shimmers one palpitant star;
Faint through the woodland mazes
The Angelus sounds afar.

Only the brook's murmur golden
Falls on the wanderer's ear;
Voices of memories olden
The soul holds breath to hear.

Voices of joy and sorrow
Vanished and far away
As the dawn of the sun-bathed morrow
Seems from this dying day,

When faint through the twilight hazes
Shimmers eve's palpitant star;
And faint through the woodland mazes
The Angelus dies afar.

Arlo Bates.

SCHUBERT

Who would know thee, a loving heart must
bring,
And hear with his heart's ears; else shall he
miss
Thy perfect message and his own true bliss, —
As bird that fain would soar on single wing,
But faints and falls in its unequal flight;
For deepest depths of human tenderness
Are thine, — the mother's love and dear
caress,
The wanderer's longing for the blessed sight
Of home and Fatherland, the lover's heart,
Wild with despair, or thrilled with joyance
sweet
Of happy souls who full requital meet.
Thus nature's yearnings find in thee a part;
O gentlest Master of them all, — since pain
And joy do live, thou hast not lived in vain!

Zitella Cocke.

BEETHOVEN

Music as of the winds when they awake,
Wailing, in the mid-forest; music that raves

Like moonless tides about forlorn sea-caves
On desolate shores, where swell weird songs and break
In peals of demon laughter; chords athirst
With restless anguish of divine desires —
The voice of a vexed soul ere it aspires
With a great cry for light; anon a burst
Of passionate joy — fierce joy of conscious might,
Down-sinking in voluptuous luxury;
Rich harmonies, full-pulsed with deep delight,
And melodies dying deliciously
As odorous sighs breathed through the quiet night
By violets. Thus Beethoven speaks for me.

John Todhunter.

BACH, IN THE FUGUES AND PRELUDES

Contentedly with strictest strands confined,
Sports in the sun that oceanic mind:
To leap their bourn these waves did never long,
Or roll against the stars their rock-bound song.

William Watson.

CHOPIN

O soul most beautiful, and loving heart!
O bright, wild bird, — now crooning on thy nest,
Now soaring, sped by a divine unrest, —
How Nature speaks through thy perfected Art! —
Till from our eyes ecstatic tears do start,
Till all our soul and senses are possest,
And we must weep or smile at thy behest,
And in thine ever changing mood take part,
Like watchers on enchanted Mount, who see
Fair visions pass at a magician's call, —
The fairer for their cloud of mystery, —
Who feel the necromancer's spell and fall
Entranced beneath its pow'r, nor would be free,
So deep the rapture and so sweet the thrall!

Zitella Cocke.

A MAZURKA OF CHOPIN

Play on, play on, the low lights wane,
So, softly, softly play!

For your fingers draw me away, away,
  And dreamland comes again.
Are you 'ware of little stars in a pale sky!
  Play on, — and say no word! —
There is scarce the breath of a midnight sigh,
  Or a frond of the fern-wood stirred;
Was there ever a night so magic still?
  Only a low moon is peeping
  Through the sway of aspens sleeping,
And a ripple frets the rushes in the rill:
Are you 'ware of little feet upon the grass,
    Tripping, rushing,
    Hardly brushing
Any feather of the frailest as they pass,
Of a twinkle of infinite tiny feet,
  And the kissing of tiny kisses?
Never was night so summer-sweet
  Blessed of the moon as this is!
They are threading in endless mazes,
  Lifting the drowsy fold
Of the lids of the sleeping daisies
  For a look at the eyes of gold:
Gossamer robes of delicate weft
  Cling light on the moony air,
Rosy petals, a pardoned theft,
  Are bound on the streaming hair; —
Now round and round in a linking chain,

Round and round and away again!
They are dancing to the ripple they are moving,
  Keeping time to the glinting of the star;
There's a glowworm for the lantern of their loving,
  And wedding-bells are ringing where the heather-flowers are.

Can you hear their little voices? You would hear
  If it were not for the ripple on the stream:
Still, for a moment, — now you hear,
Marvellous sweetly, clear and near,
  Under that silver beam,
Songs of a wonder-world, my dear,
  World of a wonder-dream.

Sir Rennell Rodd.

HANDEL'S LARGO

When the great organs, answering each to each,
Joined with the violin's celestial speech,
Then did it seem that all the heavenly host
Gave praise to Father, Son, and Holy Ghost:

We saw the archangels through the ether winging;
We heard their souls go forth in solemn singing;
"Praise, praise to God," they sang, "through endless days,
Praise to the Eternal One, and nought but praise;"
And as they sang the spirits of the dying
Were upward borne from lips that ceased their sighing;
And dying was not death, but deeper living —
Living, and prayer, and praising and thanksgiving!

Richard Watson Gilder.

CHOPIN

I

A dream of interlinking hands, of feet
Tireless to spin the unseen, fairy woof,
Of the entangling waltz. Bright eyebeams meet,
Gay laughter echoes from the vaulted roof.
Warm perfumes rise; the soft unflickering glow

Of branching lights sets off the changeful
charms
Of glancing gems, rich stuffs, the dazzling
snow
Of necks unkerchieft, and bare, clinging arms.
Hark to the music! How beneath the strain
Of reckless revelry, vibrates and sobs
One fundamental chord of constant pain,
The pulse-beat of the poet's heart that throbs.
So yearns, though all the dancing waves re-
joice,
The troubled sea's disconsolate, deep voice.

II

Who shall proclaim the golden fable false
Of Orpheus' miracles? This subtle strain
Above our prose-world's sordid loss and gain
Lightly uplifts us. With the rhythmic waltz,
The lyric prelude, the nocturnal song
Of love and languor, varied visions rise,
That melt and blend to our enchanted eyes.
The Polish poet who sleeps silenced long,
The seraph-souled musician, breathes again
Eternal eloquence, immortal pain.
Revived the exalted face we know so well,
The illuminated eyes, the fragile frame,

Slowly consuming with its inward flame,
We stir not, speak not, lest we break the spell.
Emma Lazarus.

THE ORGAN

(Allegro)

Gift of the faithful, the eloquent organ,
Gracing the loft that faces the transept,
Waits for the master to waken the spirit
Forth from the marvellous heart of the instrument.

Silent as yet are the tall golden bourdons,
Motionless lie the powerful bellows;
Closed are the stops, all inert are the pedals:
They will respond at the hour of the festival.

Come, O breath of the gale from the ocean,
Come from the far distant murmuring forest,
Come from the reeds that sigh by the river:
It is your music the master makes manifest.

Songs of the warblers, the soughing of branches,
Waterfalls, mountain-brooks, silverly tinkling,

Echo of lakes when the ice shouts his pæan –
All these mellifluous voices you bring with you!

Nathan Haskell Dole.

BACH

As some cathedral vast, whose lofty spire
Is ever pointing upward to the sky,
Whose grand proportions, transept, nave, and choir,
Impress with awe, and charm by symmetry, —
Stupendous pile, where sister arts with grave
And loving tenderness mould form and frieze,
Adorn entablature and architrave,
And touch with life the marble effigies, —
So, great tone-master, strength and sweetness dwell
In thee, close-knit in interwoven chain
Of harmony, by whose resistless spell,
Uplifted to sublime, supernal strain,
The soul shall reach the noble, true, and pure, —
Strong to achieve, and faithful to endure!

Zitella Cocke.

THE FUGUE

(Andante Maestoso)

Hark! like a golden thread of sound aerial
A plaintive cadence from the organ steals:
It trembles, rises, floats away ethereal!
The soul in silent prayer devoutly kneels.

Then comes a change: a crash of chords rolls thundering
And shakes the windows in their leaded panes;
It thrills the throng who listen breathless-wondering,
To hear the splendor of the sequent strains.

From out the chaos of the weird prophetical
Emerges like the crystal light of life
A fervid theme, spontaneous, poetical,
That sings of strenuous victory won from strife.

With deeper tones the same great theme euphonious
Ensues enmesht in woof of woven sounds,

Thus grows the fugue: a splendid web harmonious
With a whole world of beauty in its bounds.
Nathan Haskell Dole.

BEETHOVEN

Sublimest Master, thou, of harmony,
From whose untroubled depths serenely flow
The sinuous streams of sweetest melody;
Now in exhaustless fulness dost thou know
The joy divine thy raptured strains foretold;
God's harmony thy prayer hath satisfied,
His music on thy listening ear hath rolled;
Accord unmarred, for which thy spirit sighed,
In its completeness, through the eternal years
Is thine; thy yearning soul its echo dim
Didst catch amid thy mortal woes and fears, —
An earnest of the blest, perpetual hymn,
And legacy to us, which shall inspire,
With something of thy pure, celestial fire.
Zitella Cocke.

WAGNER

Whom shall I purify? Whose soul is strong
To lift the burden of a hero's grief
And dare to be reborn to give relief
To his immortal suffering in song?

Canst thou with me sustain that glory's light,
Which bathes the young god's earthly, human form?
Canst thou undaunted gird thee for the storm
To buffet death itself and sink in night?

Prove thou thy mind and heart lest impotent
Thou learn her boundless sorrow and be dumb,
So, false to her whose hate could overcome
The sister's love she bore nor would relent

Till on her ear that elemental roar
As of some helpless, caged and butchered thing
Now dies away, now rises thundering
To die again, and all is peace once more.

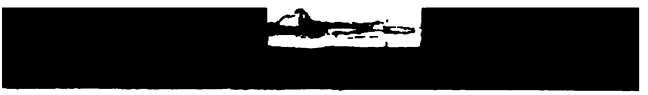
Too much! Not yet, great shadows of the brain,
Not yet! Be all your fireless passions mute,
Until, O music's poet, resolute
Thou bid them rise to love and hate again.

Henry Johnson.

MOZART

If to the intellect and passions strong
Beethoven speak, with such resistless power,
Making us share the full creative hour,
When his wand fixed wild Fancy's mystic throng,
Oh, Nature's finest lyre! to thee belong
The deepest, softest tones of tenderness,
Whose purity the listening angels bless,
With silvery clearness of seraphic song.
Sad are those chords, oh heavenward striving soul!
And love, which never found its home on earth,
Pensively vibrates, even in thy mirth,
And gentle laws thy lightest notes control;
Yet dear that sadness! spheral concords felt
Purify most those hearts which most they melt.

Margaret Fuller Ossoli.



BEETHOVEN'S MUSIC TO FAUST

O God of loving mercy, wilt Thou deign
To hear my prayer that yet a little while,
Only a little space I may beguile
This misery, creating once again?

Be it not yet in vain that I have learned
To weave the myriad-colored robe of thought,
With purest gold and richest gems inwrought,
While in my heart of hearts Thy fire burned.

If it be wrong, my brother, to have grieved
At thy distress, and sought to enter in
To all that's hidden, then our art is sin,
And we are all deceivers and deceived.

My sister, I have lived thy life with thee
From merry childhood to the thoughtful days
Of womanhood with forward-looking gaze
And suffered with thee in thine agony.

And paid the utmost farthing to atone
For all thou didst, and found at last release

From this world's mystery in perfect peace.
— Fetch me my book and leave me here alone.

Henry Johnson.

BEETHOVEN

Most intellectual master of the art,
  Which, best of all, teaches the mind of man
  The universe in all its varied plan —
What strangely mingled thoughts thy strains impart!
Here the faint tenor thrills the inmost heart,
  There the rich bass the Reason's balance shows;
  Here breathes the softest sigh that Love e'er knows;
There sudden fancies, seeming without chart,
  Float into wildest breezy interludes;
The part is all forgot — hopes sweetly breathe,
And our whole being glows — when lo! beneath
  The flowery brink, Despair's deep sob concludes!
Startled, we try to free us from the chain —
Notes of high triumph swell, and we are thine again!

Margaret Fuller Ossoli.

BEETHOVEN

O sovereign Master! stern and splendid power,
That calmly dost both time and death defy;
Lofty and lone as mountain-peaks that tower,
Leading our thoughts up to the eternal sky:
Keeper of some divine, mysterious key,
Raising us far above all human care,
Unlocking awful gates of harmony
To let heaven's light in on the world's despair;
Smiter of solemn chords that still command
Echoes in souls that suffer and aspire,
In the great moment while we hold thy hand,
Baptized with pain and rapture, tears and fire,
God lifts our saddened foreheads from the dust,
The everlasting God, in whom we trust!

Celia Thaxter.

A MEMORY OF RUBINSTEIN

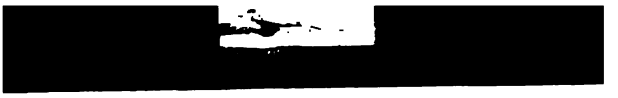
He of the ocean is, its thunderous waves
Echo his music; while far down the shore

Mad laughter hurries — a white, blowing
spume.
I hear again in memory that wild storm;
The winds of heaven go rushing round the
world,
And broods above the rage one sphinx-like
face.

Richard Watson Gilder.

MOZART

As through the leafy close the crystal shine
Of streamlet purling on its way is seen,
Nor in its mazes down the clust'ring green
Of interlacing boughs and pendent vine,
Nor 'neath the shadows of the day's decline
Is hid, — so doth thy melody's bright sheen
Flash through close harmony's inwoven
screen;
And well we call thy matchless strains divine!
Who lists shall live in Golden Age once
more,
Shall catch the voice of sweet Arcadian
lutes,
Behold, as erst, glad nymphs dance on the
shore,
To tabor's sound and dithyrambic flutes,



Terpsichore

From a painting by L. E. Schützenberger

New York Pub
GERMANY BRANCH
328 EAST 23rd STREET
CIRCULATING DEPARTMENT.

Hear Philomel within the moonlit grove,
And tuneful shepherd piping to his love.
Zitella Cocke.

SCHUBERT'S (UNFINISHED) SYMPHONY

The muffled sobbing of a storm-scourged sea;
The heartache of a lonely hemlock tree;
The anthems that the stars of morning sing;
A brook's thanksgiving when is born the Spring;

The laughter of young birch leaves, drenched with dew;
The rapture creeping meadow grasses through;
The challenge of the pennons of the corn;
A thrush's welcome to the rosy morn;

The matin chime of bluebells softly rung;
The elm's Magnificat when June is young;
The salutation of wind-wakened grain;
The benediction of midsummer rain;

The drowsy plaint drifting through August noons;
The call of nightingales to August moons;

The soft lament of withered walnut leaves;
The memories of garnered barley sheaves;

The song the heart sings when its lord is come;
The thoughts whose exaltation strikes lips dumb;
A soul's mute answer to a soul's mute call;
The longings that are prayers — it voices all!

Frances Bartlett.

CHOPIN

Calm is the close of the day,
All things are quiet and blest;
Low in the darkening west
The young moon sinks slowly away.

Without, in the twilight, I dream;
Within it is cheerful and bright
With faces that bloom in the light,
And the cold keys that silently gleam.

Then a magical touch draws near,
And a voice like a call of delight
Cleaves the calm of the beautiful night,
And I turn from my musing to hear.

Lo! the movement too wondrous to name!
  Agitation and rapture, the press
  As of myriad waves that caress,
And break into vanishing flame.

Ah! but the exquisite strain,
  Sinking to pathos so sweet!
  Is life then a lie and a cheat?
Hark to the hopeless refrain!

Comes a shock like the voice of a soul
  Lost to good, to all beauty and joy,
  Led alone by the powers that destroy,
And fighting with fiends for control.

Drops a chord like the grave's first clod.
  Then again toss the waves of caprice,
  Wild, delicate, sweet, with no peace,
No health, and no yielding to God.

O Siren, that charmest the air
  With this potent and passionate spell,
  Sad as songs of the angels that fell,
Thou leadest alone to despair!

What troubles the night? It grows chill —
  Let the weird world-music be;

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Fronts us the infinite sea
And Nature is holy and still.

Celia Thaxter.

BEETHOVEN'S THIRD SYMPHONY

Passion and pain, the outcry of despair,
The pang of unattainable desire,
And youth's delight in pleasures that expire,
And sweet high dreamings of the good and fair
Clashing in swift soul-storm, through which no prayer
Uplifted stays the destined death-stroke dire!
Then through a mighty sorrowing as through fire
The soul burnt pure yearns forth into the air
Of the dear earth and, with the scent of flowers
And song of birds refreshed, takes heart again,
Made cheerier with this drinking of God's wine,
And turns with healing to the world of men;

And high above a sweet strong angel towers,
And Love makes life triumphant and divine.

Richard Hovey.

BEETHOVEN'S FIFTH SYMPHONY

The mind's deep history here in tones is wrought,
The faith, the struggles of the aspiring soul,
The confidence of youth, the chill control
Of manhood's doubts by stern experience taught;
Alternate moods of bold and timorous thought,
Sunshine and shadow — cloud and aureole;
The failing foothold as the shining goal
Appears, and truth so long, so fondly sought
Is blurred and dimmed. Again and yet again
The exulting march resounds. We must win now!
Slowly the doubts dissolve in clearer air.
Bolder and grander the triumphal strain
Ascends. Heaven's light is glancing on the brow,
And turns to boundless hope the old despair.

Christopher P. Cranch.

BEETHOVEN'S SIXTH SYMPHONY

(Andante)

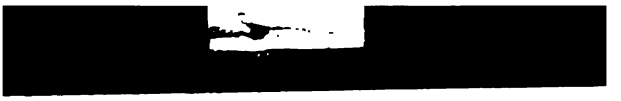
Sounding above the warring of the years,
Over their stretch of toil and pain and fears,
  Comes the well-loved refrain,
  The ancient voice again.

Sweeter than when, beside the river's marge,
We lay and watched, like innocence at large,
  The cheerful waters flow,
  Speaks this brave music now.

Tender as sunlight upon childhood's head,
Serene as moonlight upon childhood's bed,
  Comes the remembered power
  Of that long-vanished hour.

The river ran with merry voice and low,
The gentle ripples rippling far below,
  Talked with no idle voice,
  Though idling were their choice.

Now through the tumult and the pride of life,
Gentler, yet firmly soothing all its strife,



Adagio

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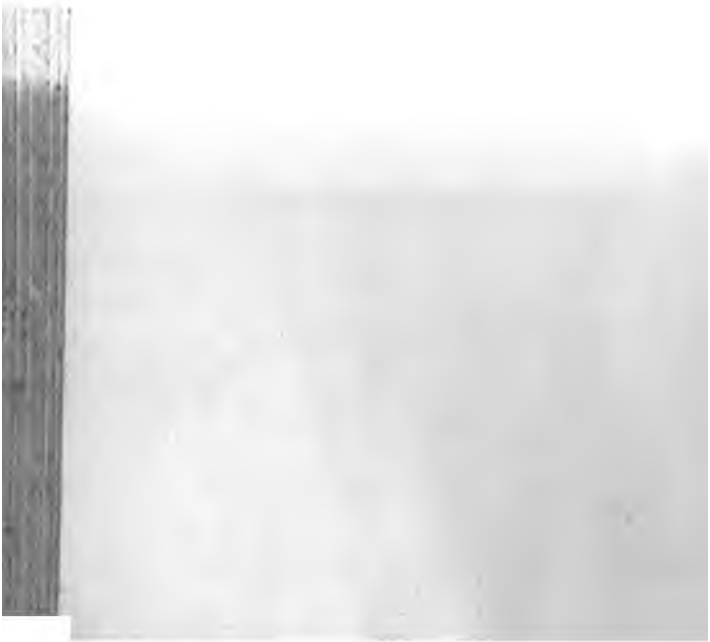
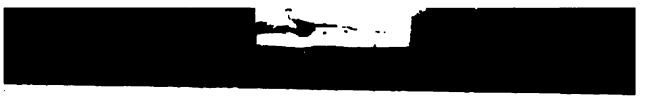




Nature draws near once more
And knocks at the world's door:

She walks within her wild harmonious maze,
Weaving her melodies from doubt and haze,
And leaves us free from care
Like children standing there.

Annie Adams Fields.

BEETHOVEN'S SEVENTH SYMPHONY

(Poco Sostenuto)

The dead Christ starts, the shadows lift, the light
Lengthens across the Galilean's face;
Death flees before impetuous hosts that chase
With swords of sunshine and white spears to smite
Grim wraiths of agonies and lingering sight
Of scarred Golgotha in divine disgrace.
The light beats swift and swifter, and the space
Stirs with the passion of immortal might.

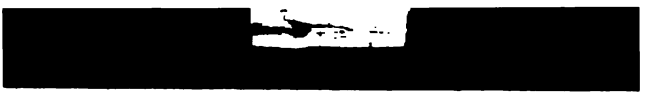
(Allegretto)

The dead Christ arises; the grave is defeated; the stone
Is rolled away by the angels. An Easter pæan!
The air is a tumult of tremulous wonderings.
The sweet winds are weighted with spirits from Paradise flown.
On one mighty billow of song the strong Galilean
Moves into the light and the rapture and flutter of wings.

(Presto)

Waking Easter lilies lift their eyes
To the weeping eyes of Magdalene;
Sounds, bewildering, agitate between
Earth and sky, and all things seem to rise.

Mystery casts off its dark disguise,
Life and power leap from the Nazarene;
Earth and sky are filled with radiant sheen,
Flash of wings and surge of Paradise.



(Finale: Allegro con brio)

Heaven is emptied of angels; the jubilant legions,
Wild with tumultuous rapture and breathless despair,
Whirling and swirling, encircle with song and with laughter.
Strong with the infinite strength to the infinite regions,
Rises the Crucified, swift on the tides of the air,
Drawing the worshipping ages in ecstasy after.

Lyman W. Allen.

A SYMPHONY

(Allegretto)

Sweet melody with rippling hair
And mantle curving on the air,
In faultless mazes winds around
Through all the free extent of sound.

(Andante Maestoso)

Now calm, majestic is her tread,
With stately pose and lofty head;
A star upon her forehead burns,
As goddess-like she moves and turns.

(Vivace non troppo)

Then quick with supple waist she trips
Adown the lawn with hands on hips,
And swaying head and laughing eye, —
A simple witch-maid dancing by.

(Adagio)

Now slow and sad her measured pace,
With drooping head and tearful face.
Her sable garments sweep the sands,
Bereaved, a mourning queen she stands.

(Allegro Vivacissimo)

Then whirling in ecstatic rings,
Her tangled tresses free she flings,

And beats, 'mid filmy gauze's sheen,
Her ribbon-streaming tamborine.

Henry Morgan Stone.

THE SYMPHONY

What dreams and longings are within me
stirred?
All that a ripened life can grasp and hold,
With those suggestive whispers still untold,
Mingled and blended with compelling word.

A theme of youth, — rich, mellow, promise-
filled,
Which modulates, perplexed with varied scene
Till the last motive stands full-robed, serene.
It satisfies: and life's unrest is stilled.

With dreams fulfilled, and soul suffused with
peace,
Andante wraps the sense in subtle mist.
Enfold me, luring phantom, close and long —

But let the last slow cadence bring release.
Thy sweet delirium I would fain resist,
And dance, clear-visioned, to a joyous song.

Helen Philbrook Patten.

INTERLUDE

(Allegretto)

Now swells a martial symphony,
Wherein the speechless ecstasy
Of genius wrought to whitest heat
Finds its expression so complete
That blended wood and brass and strings
And the great organ's cadencings
Lift men and bear them far away,
As in the old, miraculous day
King Solomon's magic carpet bore
From town to town, from shore to shore,
From Palestine to Turkestan,
  From Ispahan to Candahar,
  Nay, even to the evening star,
Whoever knew its talisman!

Nathan Haskell Dole.

ESSIPOFF

I

What is her playing like?
I ask — while dreaming here under her music's
  power.

'Tis like the leaves of the dark passion-flower
Which grows on a strong vine whose roots, oh deep they sink,
Deep in the ground, that flower's pure life to drink.

II

What is her playing like?
'Tis like a bird
Who, singing in a wild wood, never knows
That its lone melody is heard
By wandering mortal, who forgets his heavy woes.

Richard Watson Gilder.

THE LUTE-PLAYER OF CASA BLANCA

No others sing as you have sung
Oh, Well Beloved of me!
So glad you are, so lithe and young,
As joyous as the sea,
That dances in the golden rain
The falling sunbeams fling, —
Ah, stoop and kiss me once again
Then take your lute and sing.
Oh, Lute-player, my Lute-player,
Take up your lute and sing!

The wind comes blowing, light and free:
  In all the summer isles
No laughing thing it found to see
  As brilliant as your smiles.
You are the very heart of Youth,
  The very Soul of Song,
That lovely dream, made living truth,
  For which the poets long.
    Oh, Lute-player, my Lute-player,
    The very Soul of Song!

Ah, dear and dark-eyed Lute-player,
  This joy is almost pain,
To reach, when evening cools the air,
  Your level roof again.
To see the palms, erect and slim,
  Against a golden sky,
And hear, as twilight closes dim,
  The Mouddin's mournful cry,
    Across your songs, my Lute-player,
    The Faithful's evening cry.

Each slender finger lightly slips,
  To its appointed strings,
Ah, the sweet scarlet, parted lips
  Of One Beloved, who sings!
Ah, the soft radiance of eyes

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By love and music lit!
What need of Heaven beyond the skies
Since here we enter it?
You make my Heaven, my Lute-player,
And hold the keys of it!

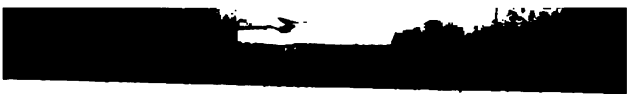
And when the music waxes strong,
I hear the sound of War,
The drums are throbbing in the song,
The clamor and the roar.
The Desert's self is in the strain,
The agony of slaves,
The winds that sigh, as if in pain,
About forgotten graves,
Oh, Lute-player, my Lute-player,
Those lonely Desert graves!

The sightless sockets, whence the eyes,
Were wrenched or burnt away,
The mangled form that e'er it dies,
Becomes the jackal's prey,
The forced caress, the purchased smile,
Ere youth be yet awake,—
Ah, break your melody awhile
Or else my heart will break!
I sometimes think, my Lute-player,
You wish my heart to break!

The sunset fires desert the West,
  The stars invade the sky,
Lover of mine, 'tis time to rest
  And let the music die.
Though Melody awake the morn,
  Yet Love should end the day.
I kiss your hand the strings have worn
  And take your lute away.
    I kiss your hand, my Lute-player,
    And take the Lute away.

At twilight on this roof of ours,
  So lonely and so high,
We catch the scent of all the flowers
  Ascending to the sky.
Sultan of Song, whose burning eyes
  Outblaze the stars above,
Forget not, when the sunset dies
  You reign as Lord of Love!
    Ah, come to me, my Lute-player,
    Lover, and Lord of Love!

Laurence Hope.



MUSIC

(From "Twelfth Night")

If music be the food of love, play on;
Give me excess of it, that, surfeiting,
The appetite may sicken, and so die.
That strain again — it had a dying fall:
O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet south
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing, and giving odor.

William Shakespeare.

MUSIC

The soul of music slumbers in the shell,
Till waked and kindled by the master's spell:
And feeling hearts — touch them but rightly
— pour
A thousand melodies unheard before!

Samuel Rogers.

MUSIC

O Harmony! thou tenderest nurse of pain,
If that thy note's sweet magic e'er can heal

Griefs which the patient spirit oft may feel,
Oh! let me listen to thy songs again;
Till memory her fairest tints shall bring;
Hope wake with brighter eye, and listening seem
With smiles to think on some delightful dream,
That waved o'er the charmed sense its gladsome wing!
For when thou leadest all thy soothing strains
More smooth along, the silent passions meet,
In one suspended transport, sad and sweet;
And nought but sorrow's softest touch remains;
That, when the transitory charm is o'er,
Just wakes a tear, and then is felt no more.

William Lisle Bowles.

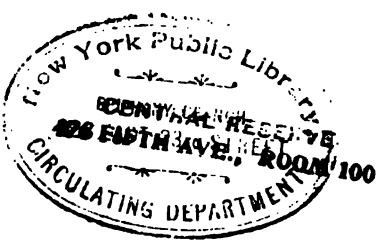
PSALM CL.

Praise ye the Lord. Praise God in his sanctuary: praise him in the firmament of his power.
Praise him for his mighty acts: praise him according to his excellent greatness.

Praise him with the sound of the trumpet: praise him with the psaltery and harp.
Praise him with the timbrel and dance: praise him with stringed instruments and organs.
Praise him upon the loud cymbals: praise him upon the high-sounding cymbals.
Let everything that hath breath praise the Lord.
Praise ye the Lord.

Anonymous.

THE END.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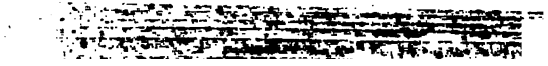

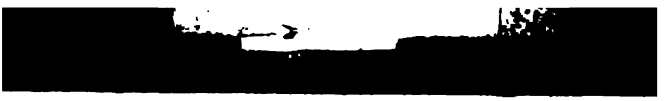

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